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# Shadow Comics

MONEY'S

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WORTH

FIFTY-TWO  
PAGES



The  
SHADOW  
Battles  
**CRIME**  
among  
the **AZTECS**



# Shadow Comics

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## The Shadow BATTLES CRIME AMONG THE AZTECS



LOST IN THE DEEP JUNGLE OF CENTRAL AMERICA IS THE FORGOTTEN CITY OF ZENTOMA, AN ANCIENT CAPITAL WHERE CRUELTY ONCE REIGNED AND WHICH HAS NOW BECOME THE SECRET CITADEL OF A GROUP OF INTERNATIONAL FIENDS WHO ARE TRYING TO COVER THEIR CRIMES WHILE THEY THRIVE ON STOLEN WEALTH!! WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN? THE SHADOW KNOWS!!! THIS STORY TELLS HOW HE OVERWHELMED THAT HIDDEN EVIL!!!

The "Comic" That Proves .....

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!

FROM HIGH OVER  
THE JUNGLE, A  
GREAT PLANE  
DIPS TO A LANDING  
AT THE CITY OF  
ZENTOMA, TO  
FIND IT STILL  
POPULATED BY  
AN AZTEC  
TRIBE !!!



WHY, THIS CITY  
IS ACTUALLY  
INHABITED,  
LAMONT!

THAT'S WHY WE CAME  
HERE, MARGO. THE  
THING NOW IS TO  
FIND OUT HOW  
AZTECS STILL  
HAPPEN TO BE  
LIVING HERE!

GREETINGS,  
STRANGERS!



ALL STRANGERS  
ARE WELCOME IN  
ZENTOMA PROVIDED  
THEY ACKNOWLEDGE  
THE LAW OF THE  
GREAT AZTEC  
WHO WEARS THE  
QUETZAL PLUMES!

IT MEANS  
THERE'S  
SOMEONE  
MORE  
IMPORTANT  
THAN THE  
PRINCE, WHO  
REALLY  
RULES HERE.  
THAT'S WHAT  
I WANTED  
TO KNOW!

WHAT'S ALL  
THAT DOUBT-  
TALK ABOUT  
A GREAT  
AZTEC?

I AM PRINCE TIZOC,  
RULER OF THE CITY OF  
ZENTOMA, OR LITTLE MONTEZUMA,  
SO-NAMED AFTER MY ANCESTOR,  
WHO SENT US TO FOUND  
THIS NEW CAPITAL WHEN  
HIS OWN LIFE WAS  
THREATENED!





BUT YOU  
HAVEN'T  
YET TOLD  
ME WHY  
WE CAME  
HERE IN  
THE FIRST  
PLACE

I CAN TELL YOU WHY  
NOW, MARGO. THE  
UNITED NATIONS HAVE  
BEEN CHECKING ON  
CERTAIN TRAITORS AND  
WAR CRIMINALS WHO  
DISAPPEARED FROM  
VARIOUS PLACES  
THE WORLD...



...AND ALL THEIR  
TRAILS HAVE LED  
TO THIS GENERAL  
AREA! NOW,  
SUDDENLY, WE  
CHANCE UPON AN  
ANCIENT CITY,  
LOST FROM  
CIVILIZATION!

WHAT A REFUGE  
IT WOULD  
MAKE FOR THOSE  
WAR CRIMINALS!

YOU CAN USE  
THIS BUILDING  
AS YOUR  
RESIDENCE..



THAT SEEMS THE LIKELY  
ANSWER, MARGO. WHAT'S  
MORE, THOSE CRIMINALS ESCAPED  
WITH GREAT QUANTITIES OF  
GOLD. IN ORDER TO LEARN  
WHERE THEY BURIED IT...



AND NOW I  
SHALL BE  
GLAD TO  
ESCORT YOU  
ON A TOUR  
OF OUR  
FAIR CITY!

THIS SEEMS A  
GOOD CHANCE  
FOR ME TO  
PICK UP SOME  
INFORMATION  
WHILE LAMONT  
IS AROUND  
SHADOWING!



I INTEND TO  
MAKE A  
THOROUGH  
SEARCH...  
AS THE  
SHADOW!

THAT MEANS I  
WILL BE SEEING  
YOU LATER...OR  
WILL I?



THIS IS PRINCESS  
TULANA, WHO  
WILL ACCOMPANY  
US!

WHERE IN THE  
WORLD DID YOU  
GET ALL THOSE  
WONDERFUL BRACELETS  
PRINCESS TULANA?



AND  
THOSE  
ANKLETS,  
TOO!

THEY ARE ALL GIFTS  
OF THE GREAT  
AZTEC. HE FORGES  
THEM IN THE CRUCIBLE  
OF QUETZALCOATL  
THE PLUMED SERPENT  
AND GIVES THEM  
TO EVERYBODY  
IN ZENTOMA!



WHY... EVEN THAT WATER-  
TAR IS MADE OF PURE  
GOLD! BUT WHY IS THE  
GREAT AZTEC SO  
LIBERAL? DOESN'T  
HE EXPECT ANYTHING  
IN RETURN?

WELL,  
YES...



OF COURSE IT IS  
AN HONOR TO  
BE CHOSEN FOR  
THE SACRIFICE  
BY THE THREE  
WEIRD WITCHES!

THERE'S  
THE SHADOW...  
ENTERING  
THE  
PYRAMID  
!

THE GREAT AZTEC HAS RESTORED  
THE GRAND RITUAL, IN WHICH  
AN AZTEC MAIDEN IS SACRIFICED  
AT THE TOP OF THE HUGE  
PYRAMID AND DROPPED DOWN  
INTO THE SACRED WELL!

THERE IS  
THE ONE WE  
SHALL TAKE...  
PRINCESS  
TULANA!



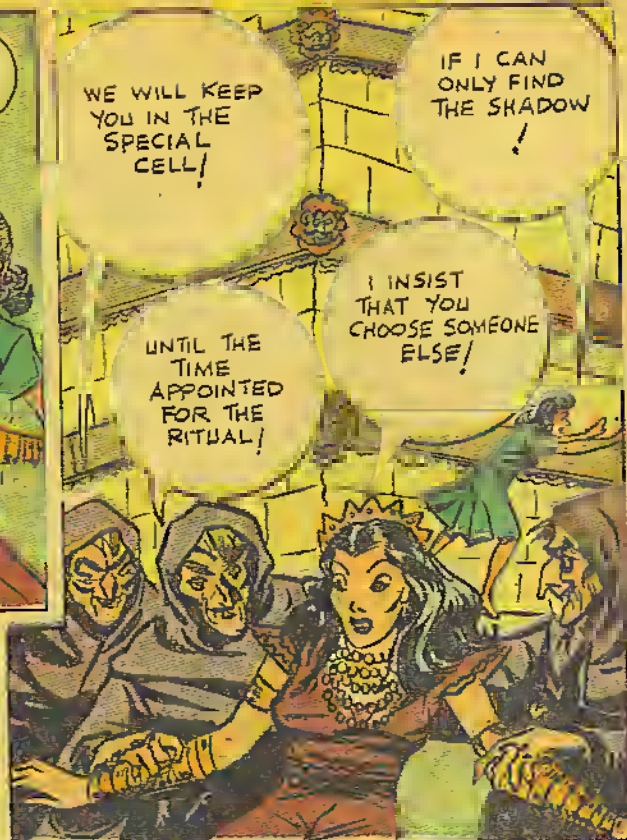




YOU ARE CHOSEN, TULANA!

CHOSEN FOR THE SACRIFICE!

MY WORD!

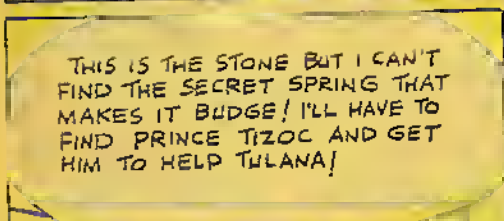


WE WILL KEEP YOU IN THE SPECIAL CELL!

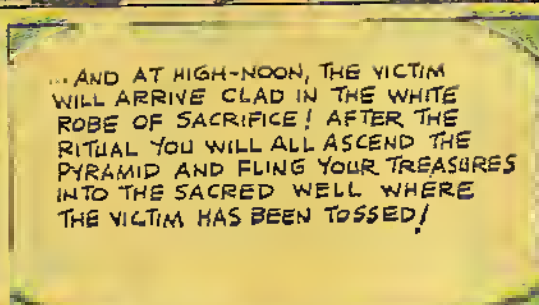
IF I CAN ONLY FIND THE SHADOW!

I INSIST THAT YOU CHOOSE SOMEONE ELSE!

UNTIL THE TIME APPOINTED FOR THE RITUAL!



THIS IS THE STONE BUT I CAN'T FIND THE SECRET SPRING THAT MAKES IT BUDGE! I'LL HAVE TO FIND PRINCE TIZOC AND GET HIM TO HELP TULANA!



...AND AT HIGH-NOON, THE VICTIM WILL ARRIVE CLAD IN THE WHITE ROBE OF SACRIFICE! AFTER THE RITUAL YOU WILL ALL ASCEND THE PYRAMID AND FLING YOUR TREASURES INTO THE SACRED WELL WHERE THE VICTIM HAS BEEN TOSSED!



THE THREE WITCHES HAVE SEIZED TULANA!

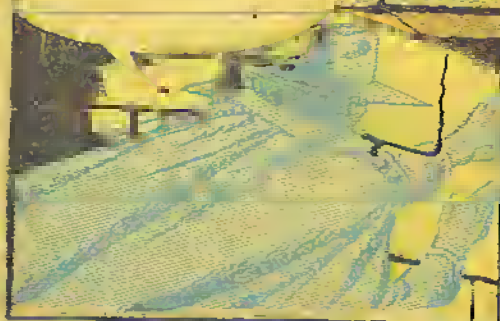
I KNOW. THE GREAT AZTEC IS ANNOUNCING IT. COME!



POOR TULANA!

MEANWHILE...

FINDING THE CENTER  
OF THIS PYRAMID IS  
A PUZZLE IN ITSELF!



THAT  
DOES  
IT!



HERE'S THE CENTER AND  
TROUBLE WITH IT! THIS  
CALLS FOR SOME QUICK  
HYPNOTIC ACTION!

AN  
INTRUDER  
!



SEIZE HIM!

PARACHUTES, HERE IN THE  
CENTRAL WELL OF THE  
PYRAMID! WELL, THAT  
TELLS HOW SOME OF  
THE BEARDED AZTECS  
ARRIVED IN ZENTOMA!



A FALSE BEARD, AS  
I EXPECTED! NOW  
LET'S FIND OUT  
WHAT ELSE IS  
PHONEY HERE!





WHILE THE SHADOW IS BUSY INSIDE THE PYRAMID...

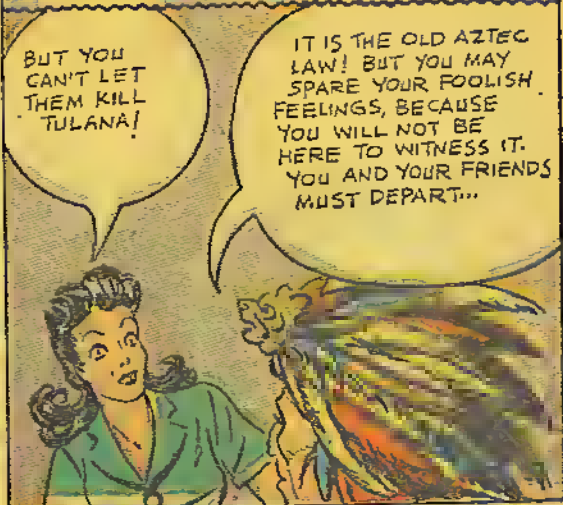
FIRST, I'LL TIE UP  
THIS PAIR SO THEY  
WON'T MAKE TROUBLE  
WHEN THEY WAKE...



... MARGO LANE IS EVEN BUSIER OUTSIDE...

BUT YOU  
CAN'T LET  
THEM KILL  
TULANA!

IT IS THE OLD AZTEC  
LAW! BUT YOU MAY  
SPARE YOUR FOOLISH  
FEELINGS, BECAUSE  
YOU WILL NOT BE  
HERE TO WITNESS IT.  
YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS  
MUST DEPART...



AND NOW I'LL TAKE  
THIS **SHORT ROUTE**  
OUT, WITH A PARACHUTE  
FOR A SOUVENIR!



I GO TO  
INFORM  
THEM  
NOW!

YOU WANT  
A COUPLE  
OF BRACELETS  
TO REMEMBER  
TULANA BY?

OR MAYBE  
A NICE  
AZTEC  
COSTUME  
?



NO,  
THANKS!

I'LL  
TAKE  
THOSE  
BRACELETS

GOOD... YOU CAN  
THROW THEM DOWN  
THE WELL AFTER  
THE RITUAL



IF NOBODY  
ELSE WILL  
RESCUE  
TULANA,  
I WILL!



I WANT TO RESCUE YOU, TULANA, BUT I CAN'T PERSUADE PRINCE TIZOC TO CALL OFF THE SACRIFICE!

THAT'S EASY!



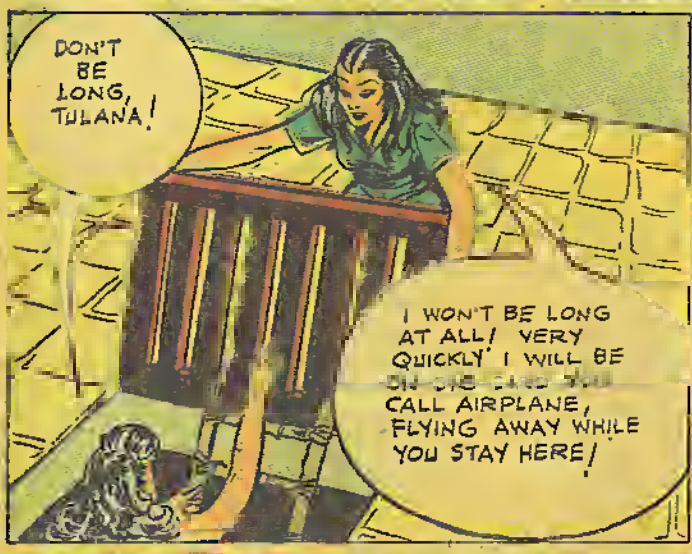
LET ME WEAR THOSE STRANGE CLOTHES OF YOURS SO I CAN FIND TIZOC WITHOUT BEING RECOGNIZED. YOU CAN STAY HERE UNTIL I RETURN AND RELEASE YOU!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!



DON'T BE LONG, TULANA!

I WON'T BE LONG AT ALL! VERY QUICKLY I WILL BE ON MY WAY AND THEN CALL AIRPLANE, FLYING AWAY WHILE YOU STAY HERE!



FUNNY, THE WAY THESE STRANGE SHOES MAKE ME WABBLE, THE FASTER I TRY TO GET TO PLANE!

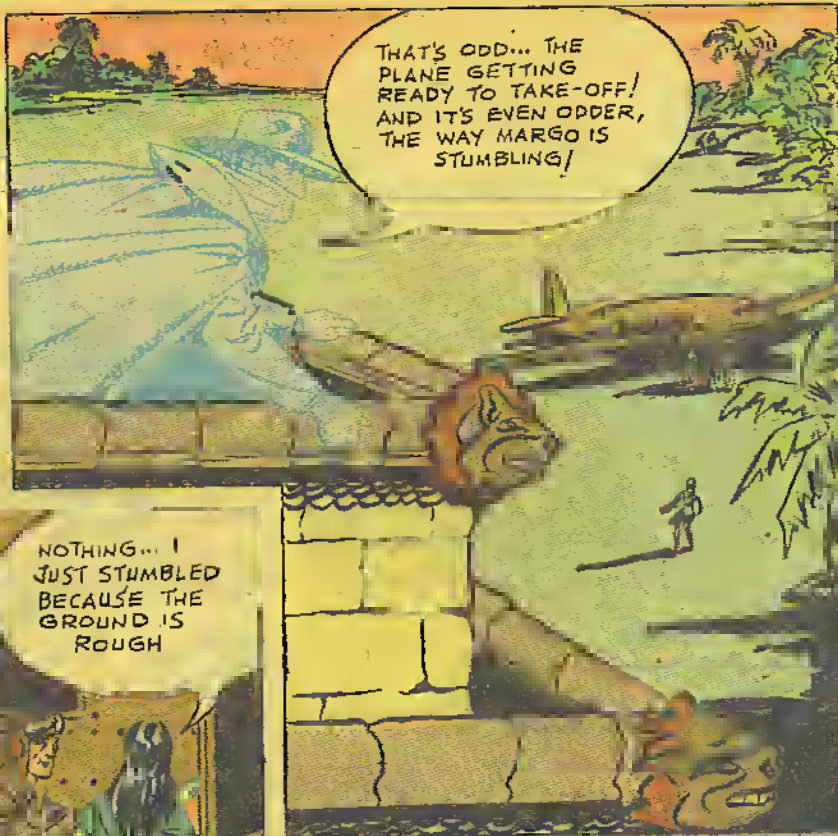


DID I TALK MYSELF INTO TROUBLE!





EMERGING FROM  
THE PYRAMID  
TOP, THE  
**SHADOW**  
IS JUST IN  
TIME TO  
WITNESS  
TULANA'S  
TRIP TO  
THE PLANE...



THAT'S ODD... THE  
PLANE GETTING  
READY TO TAKE-OFF!  
AND IT'S EVEN ODDER,  
THE WAY MARGO IS  
STUMBLING!

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER,  
MISS LANE?

NOTHING... I  
JUST STUMBLED  
BECAUSE THE  
GROUND IS  
ROUGH

BEGONE WITH YOUR  
GREAT MAN-MADE BIRD.  
SHOULD ANY OF YOU  
REMAIN, THEIR LIVES  
WILL BE FORFEITED.  
IT IS DEATH FOR  
STRANGERS TO  
WITNESS AN AZTEC  
SACRIFICE!



THREE ANCIENT  
AZTEC WITCHES:  
THAT MEANS A HUMAN  
SACRIFICE IS DUE!  
AND MARGO MUST  
HAVE MANAGED TO  
MAKE HERSELF THE  
VICTIM!

THAT WASN'T MARGO!  
FROM THOSE STUMBLES,  
I'D SAY THAT WAS AN  
AZTEC GIRL WHO ISN'T  
USED TO HIGH-HEELED  
SHOES!





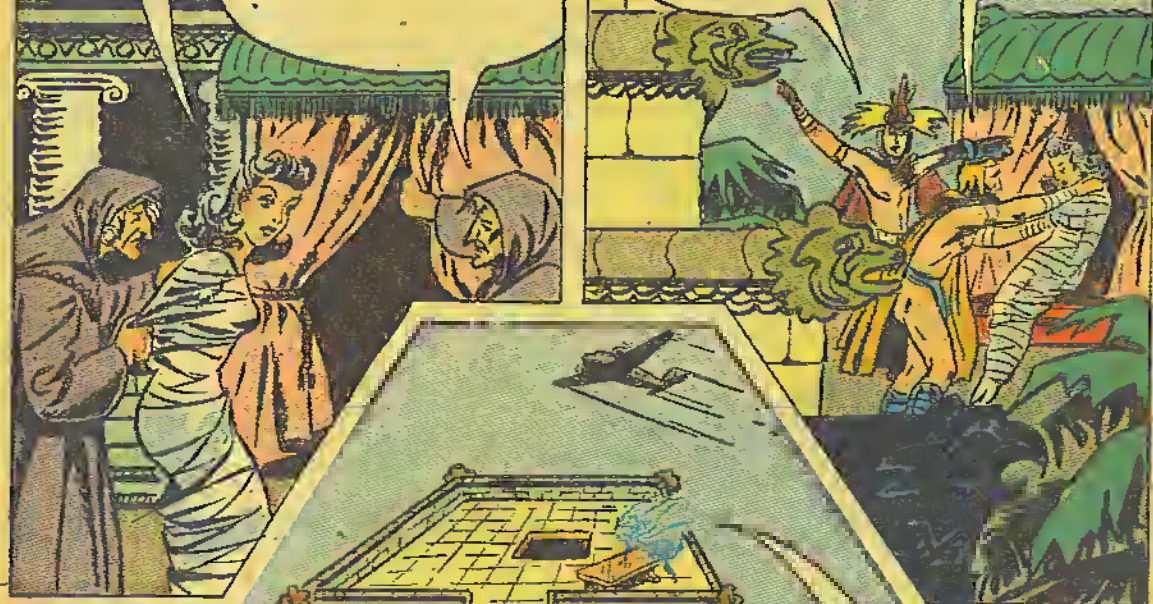
BUT I'M NOT  
TULANA!  
SHE ESCAPED!  
I'M NOT  
EVEN AN  
AZTEC!

CLAD IN THE WHITE ROBE, MARGO IS  
TAKEN TO THE PYRAMID BY THE  
WEIRD WITCHES !!!

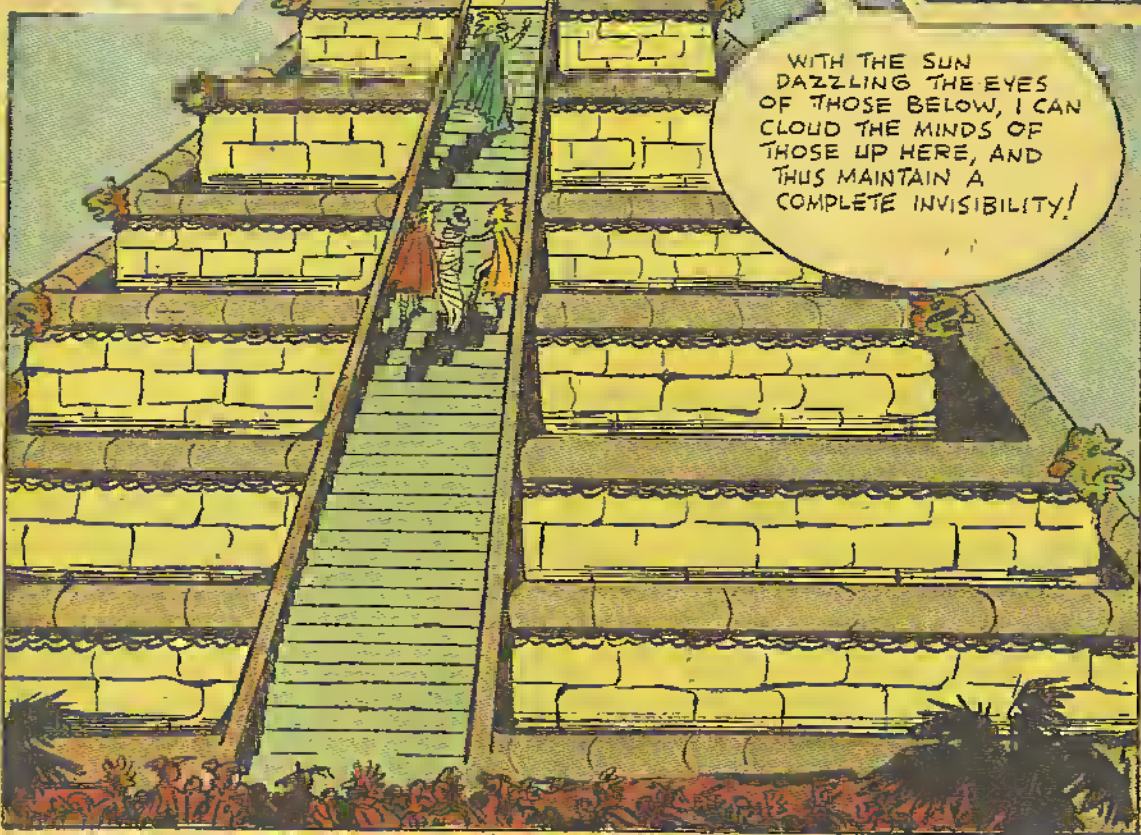
THERE THE  
GREAT AZTEC  
AWAITS!

ALL THE BETTER!  
THAT WILL DOOM  
YOU A SECOND  
TIME FOR WITNESSING  
YOUR OWN DOOM!

COME, VICTIM,  
TO THE PYRAMID  
TOP!

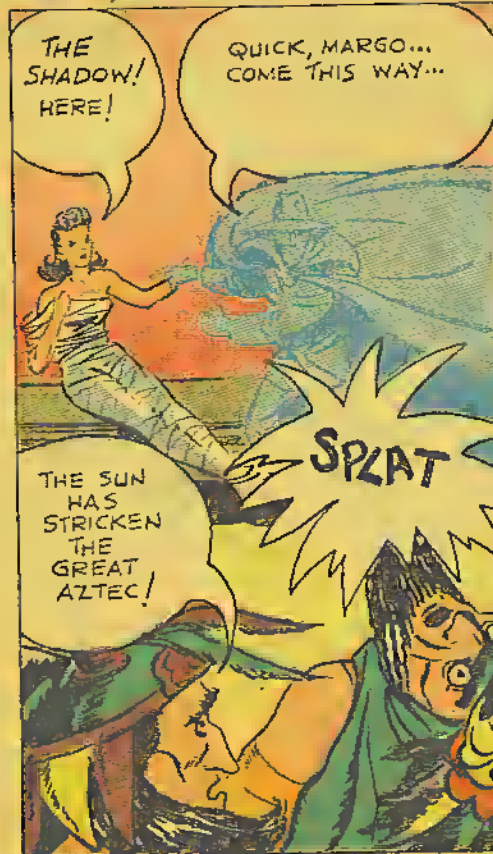


WITH THE SUN  
DAZZLING THE EYES  
OF THOSE BELOW, I CAN  
CLOUD THE MINDS OF  
THOSE UP HERE, AND  
THUS MAINTAIN A  
COMPLETE INVISIBILITY!





ATOP THE PYRAMID, THE GREAT AZTEC  
BRANDISHES A KNIFE OF OBSIDIAN,  
OR VOLCANIC GLASS, WAITING THE  
EXACT MOMENT OF HIGH-NOON TO  
STRIKE THE VICTIM!!!







WHAT'S THIS?



WHY, IT'S A PARACHUTE  
THAT THE SHADOW  
MUST HAVE PLANTED  
HERE JUST FOR  
MY BENEFIT!



GRAB THE  
VICTIM!

DON'T  
LET  
HER  
ESCAPE  
!



THE VICTIM  
IS GONE!

THERE GO  
A COUPLE  
MORE... JUST  
FOR GOOD  
MEASURE!



I'LL TAKE THAT  
PHONEY BEARD  
AND YOU CAN  
KEEP THE ROBE  
INSTEAD!



DOWN THE STEPS OF THE PYRAMID  
TUMBLE THE GREAT AZTEC AND HIS  
UNBEARDED CLAN, HURLED BY THE  
MIGHTY PROWESS OF THE UNSEEN  
SHADOW!!!

LOOK!  
THE GREAT  
AZTEC HAS  
NO BEARD  
!

HE AND THE  
REST ARE IMPOSTERS  
SEIZE THEM  
ALL!

QUETZALCOATL  
HAS SHOWN  
HIS DISAPPROVAL!  
HE HAS BANISHED  
THE GREAT  
AZTEC AND  
HIS CLAN!

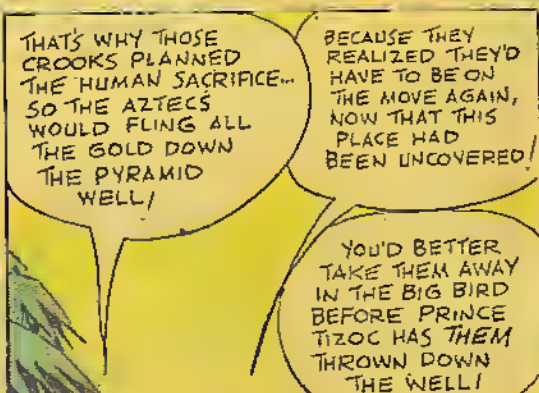
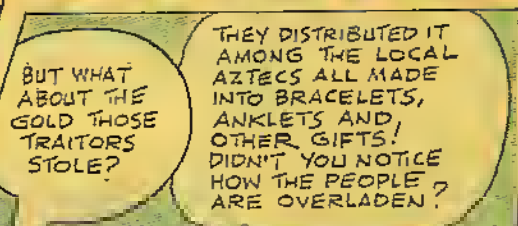
THE PLANE  
IS COMING  
BACK, MARGO!

FINE!  
I'LL HAVE  
A LITTLE  
CHAT WITH  
TULANA!

IT'S ALL RIGHT,  
MARGO. THE  
RITUAL IS  
OFF!

THE BIG  
BIRD  
RETURNS!  
LET US  
WELCOME  
IT!





**CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!! INSTEAD, ITS WEED BEARS BITTER FRUIT!!**  
**SO THE SHADOW HAS PROVEN IN THIS FORGOTTEN LAND WHERE HIS POWER ENDED EVIL'S RULE!!!!**

There was a  
**MURDER**  
 at a  
**WORLD'S SERIES**

Can you  
 guess who killed  
 the villain?

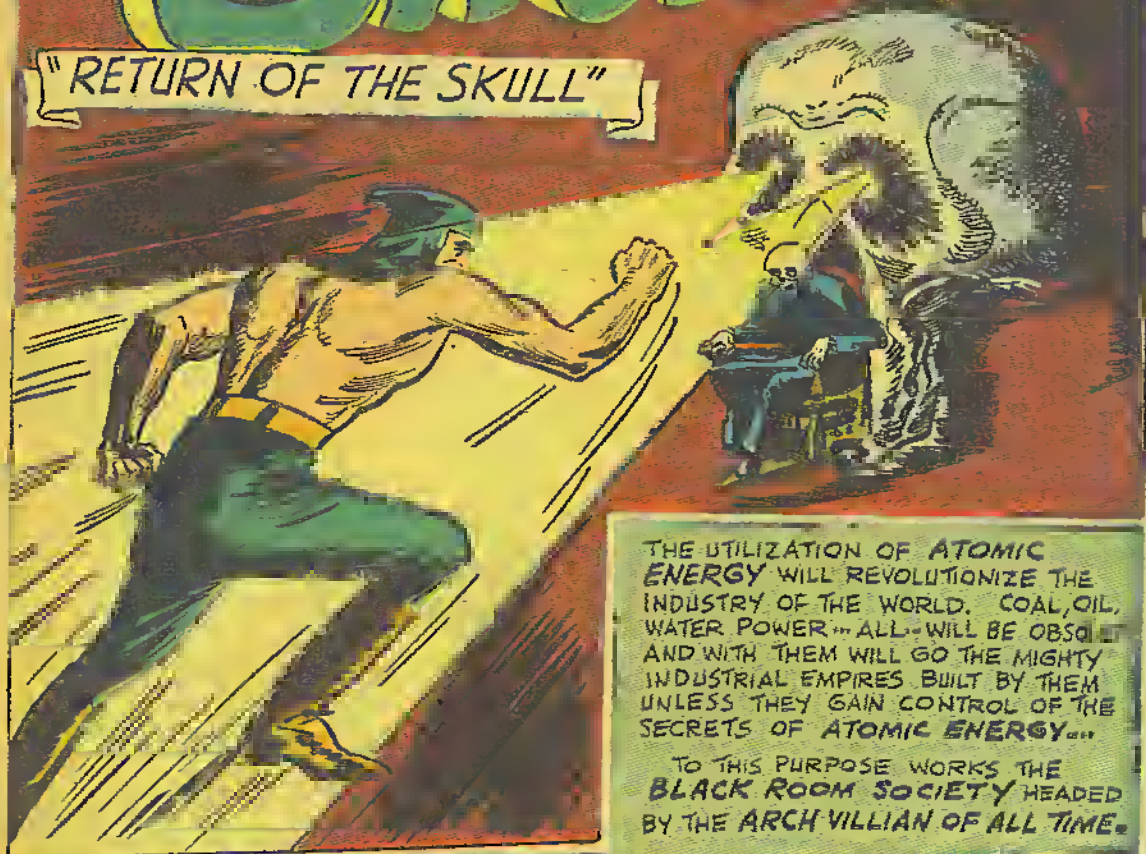
**TRUE SPORT**

Now On Sale



# DOC SAVAGE

"RETURN OF THE SKULL"



THE UTILIZATION OF ATOMIC ENERGY WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE INDUSTRY OF THE WORLD. COAL, OIL, WATER POWER... ALL... WILL BE OBSOLETE AND WITH THEM WILL GO THE MIGHTY INDUSTRIAL EMPIRES BUILT BY THEM UNLESS THEY GAIN CONTROL OF THE SECRETS OF ATOMIC ENERGY...

TO THIS PURPOSE WORKS THE BLACK ROOM SOCIETY HEADED BY THE ARCH VILLIAN OF ALL TIME.

THE SKULL!

IT IS FIVE YEARS SINCE THE WAR ENDED... INDUSTRIAL UTILIZATION OF ATOMIC ENERGY IS NOW PRACTICABLE. ONE PERSON CONTROLS THE SECRET... DOC SAVAGE!



FIRST WE MUST DESTROY HIM... THEN FROM THE LESSER MINDS... HIS SATILITES... WE CAN SQUEEZE THE SECRETS!



THE SKULL STRIKES FAST! AS DOC LEAVES THE FOUNDATION THAT NIGHT...

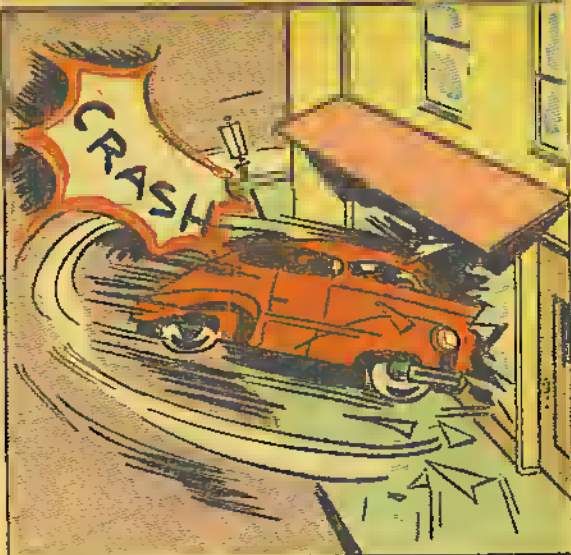




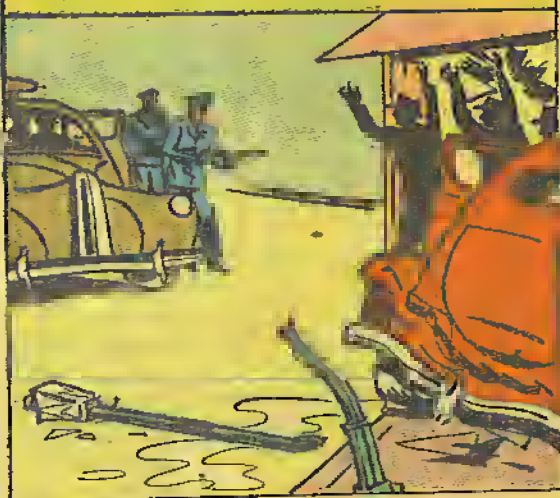
IN AN INSTANT... MONK AND HAM ARE AT DOC'S SIDE, BLASTING AT THE CAR...

GET THEIR TIRES,  
HAM-BONE!

OKAY,  
MONK-PUSS!



THE BOMB BLAST AND THE CRASH BRING  
A POLICE CAR TO THE SCENE...



YOU'RE STILL  
ALIVE!... I  
THOUGHT FOR  
SURE THAT  
BOMB...

THAT WAS  
CLOSE, DOC...  
HOW DO  
YOU  
FEEL?

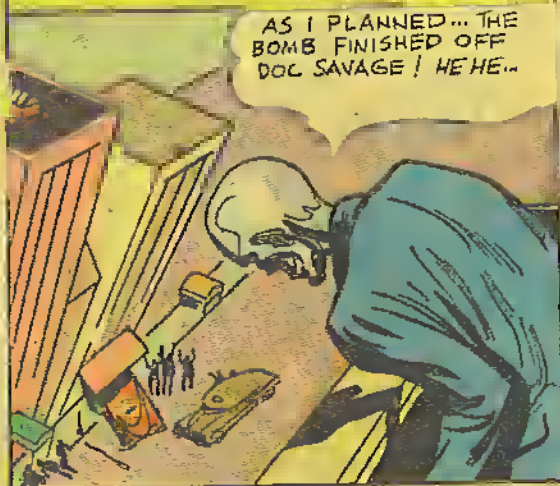
OKAY... THE  
BOMB HIT  
THE CURB-  
STONE AND  
DIRECTED

THE BLAST  
OFF ME BY  
LUCK... BUT... IF I  
SEE WHAT I THINK  
I SEE... I MAY NOT  
BE SO LUCKY  
NEXT TIME!



THE OBSERVER THAT DOC SPOTTED  
AS HE LOOKED UP...

AS I PLANNED... THE  
BOMB FINISHED OFF  
DOC SAVAGE! HE HE...



NOW TO FINISH OFF MY  
KILLERS SO THAT THEY CAN'T  
TALK TO THE POLICE AND  
SPOIL MY FUTURE PLANS!





THE SKULL RAINS DEATH UPON KILLERS AND POLICE ALIKE...

ONLY ONE MAN IS  
CAPABLE OF SUCH  
BRUTAL KILLING...  
**THE SKULL!**

THE  
**RAT!**

WE'LL BE **NEXT**  
IF WE DON'T  
GET UNDER  
COVER!



DRAG ME INSIDE...  
I WANT THE SKULL  
TO THINK I'M  
DEAD!

THE SKULL  
GAVE US  
ENOUGH  
TROUBLE  
ONCE!

YOU SAID IT!  
I THOUGHT  
WE'D FINISHED  
HIM OFF...  
BUT RATS  
LIKE THAT  
SOMEHOW  
ALWAYS  
LIVE AND  
COME BACK  
TO KILL  
AGAIN!

AND AS THE SKULL SEES DOC'S  
ASSISTANTS DRAG HIM TO SHELTER,  
A DOUBT CROSSES HIS MIND...

JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE  
SIDE AND MAKE **SURE**  
SAVAGE IS DEAD...



YI!

HAHAHAHAHAH!...  
AT LAST! SAVAGE IS  
DEAD! NOW NOTHING  
CAN STAND IN MY WAY!





THE SKULL'S LAUGH WOULD HAVE TURNED SOUR IF HIS VISION COULD HAVE PENETRATED THE WALLS ACROSS THE STREET....

STRIP FOR ACTION! WE'RE GOING AFTER THE SKULL!

HE MUST HAVE A FAST PLANE ON THE ROOF OVER THERE...

OUR ROCKET SHIP CAN CATCH ANYTHING IN THE AIR!

ELEVATORS

WITH THAT JET-PROPULSION FORMULA I WORKED OUT... WE'LL PICK UP ABOUT 10 MORE MILES PER MINUTE!

OH!... SO THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON IN YOUR CHEM LABORATORY THIS PAST WEEK

FROM THE SOUND OF THOSE EXPLOSIONS I THOUGHT THE BUILDING WAS GOING TO TAKE OFF!

HEY! MAYBE YOUSE HAVE GOT SOMETHING THERE! **JET-PROPELLED BUILDINGS... CITIES IN THE AIR... WHAT AN IDEA!**

YOU'VE GOT A **JET-PROPELLED HEAD** AND IT'S BLOWN YOU RIGHT OFF YOUR TOP!

KEEP DREAMING, MONK... IT'S FROM DREAMS THAT GREAT INVENTIONS COME!

SECONDS LATER, THE TRIO TAKE OFF...

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR THE SKULL'S PLANE...

AT THIS INSTANT... SHIELDED FROM SIGHT BY A HUGE SMOKESTACK, THE SKULL'S PLANE TAKES OFF, TOO...



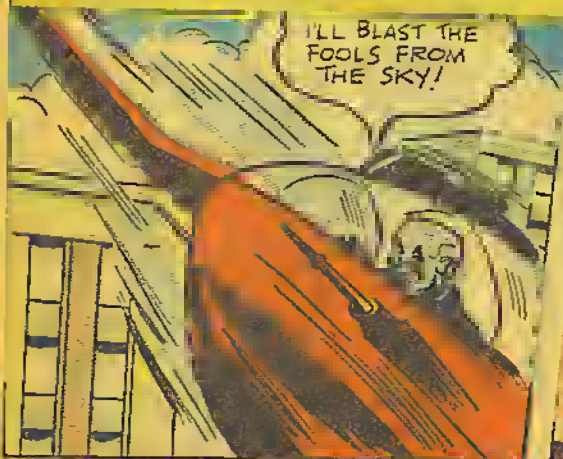
A SPLIT SECOND LATER!



THE PILOTS OF BOTH PLANES... DOC AND THE SKULL... ACT WITH QUICK SKILL AND DARING...



THE SKULL RECOGNIZES THE OTHER PLANE AS DOC'S... WITH DOC DEAD, HAM AND MONK ARE AT THE CONTROLS...



HE'S COMING FOR US! TAKE OVER, HAM... I STILL DON'T WANT THE SKULL TO SEE ME...

WHY NOT?



IF HE ESCAPES AND STILL THINKS I'M DEAD... HE'LL BE MORE RECKLESS IN HIS ATTEMPTS TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE ATOMIC SECRETS....

OF COURSE! THEN WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF BREAKING UP THE BLACK ROOM SOCIETY!



THE NEXT INSTANT, THE SKULL, MAD WITH THE LUST TO KILL, ATTACKS!



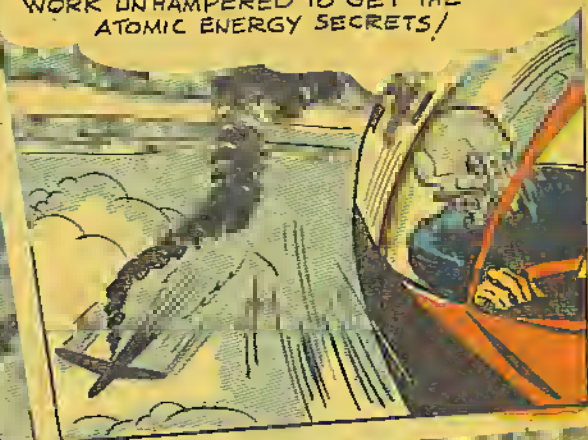


SUDDENLY, SMOKE BELCHES FROM  
DOC'S PLANE AS IT SPINS IN A  
MAD DIVE...

HAAAAAAA!



AND THAT FINISHES OFF THE REST OF THE  
DOC SAVAGE FAMILY... FROM NOW ON  
THE BLACK ROOM SOCIETY CAN  
WORK UNHAMPERED TO GET THE  
ATOMIC ENERGY SECRETS!



... BUT FAR BELOW,  
OUT OF THE SKULL'S SIGHT AS HIS  
PLANE ZOOMS AWAY...

CUT OFF THAT  
SMUDGE SMOKE,  
MONK...

OKAY, DOC... I'LL  
BET THE SKULL  
THINKS WE'VE  
CRASHED INTO  
THE STREET...



EXACTLY  
WHAT I WANT  
HIM TO THINK!

BUT WHY?  
WHAT HAPPENS  
NOW?



WE FOLLOW HIM... I'VE GOT  
OUR RADAR EQUIPMENT  
TAGGING HIM EVERY SECOND  
SO WE CAN KEEP OUT OF HIS  
SIGHT. IF LUCK IS WITH US...



WE'LL FOLLOW  
HIM RIGHT TO  
THE LAIR OF  
THE BLACK  
ROOM SOCIETY!

AND WHEN  
WE FIND IT,  
IT WILL  
REALLY BE  
LIGHTS OUT  
FOR THEM!

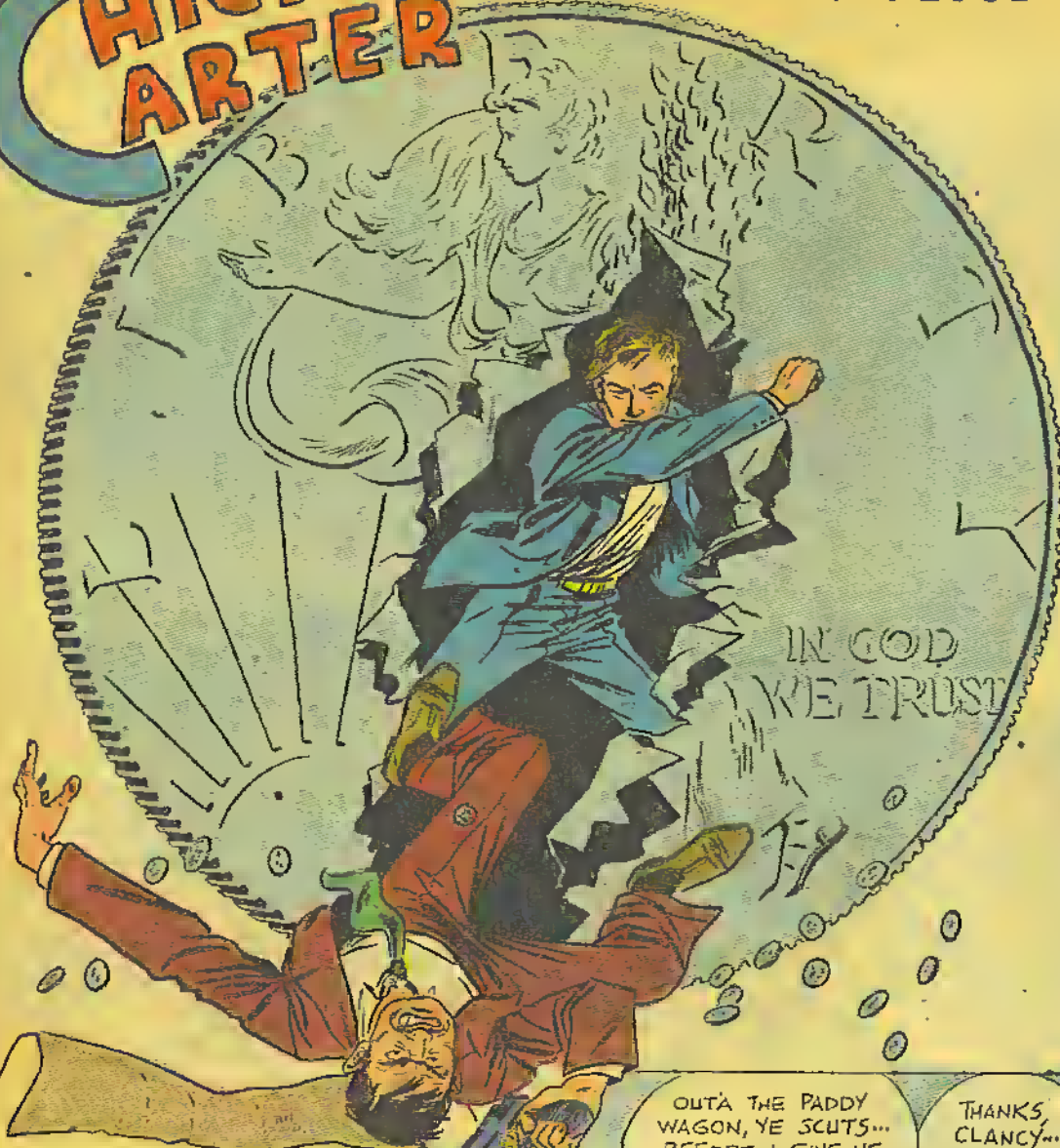


DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING  
ADVENTURE WHEN DOC SAVAGE, MONK  
AND HAM DEAL THE DEATH-COUP TO  
THE BLACK ROOM SOCIETY!



# CHICK CARTER

... DRAGON'S BLOOD



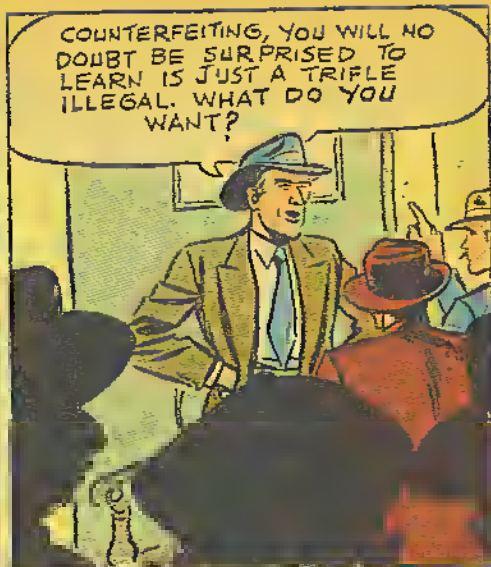
CHICK CARTER'S PECULIAR PUZZLE WAS WHEN IS A COUNTERFEITER NOT A COUNTERFEITER? IF HE COULD SOLVE THAT, THEN THE WHOLE CASE, KILLER AND ALL, WOULD UNRAVEL IN HIS HAND...

OUTA THE PADDY WAGON, YE SCUTS... BEFORE I GIVE YE THE BACK OF ME HAND!

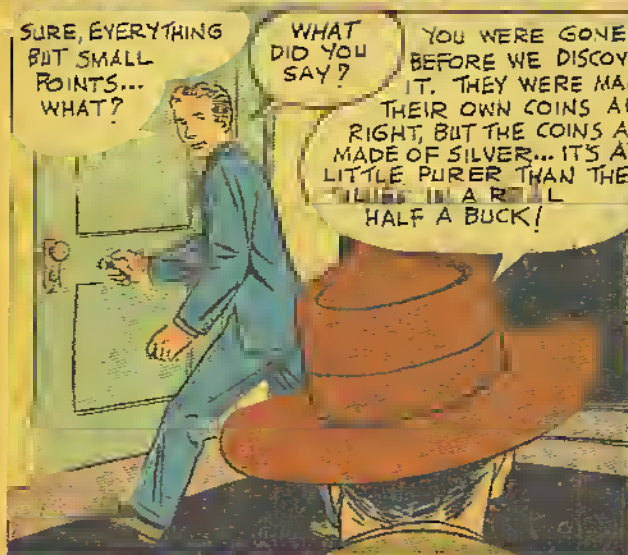
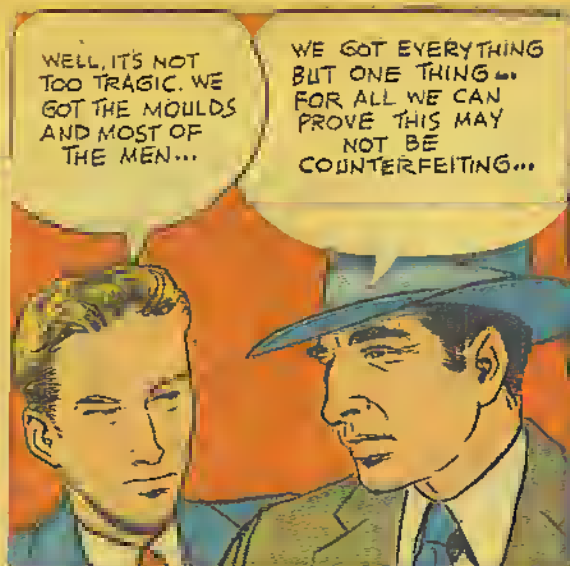
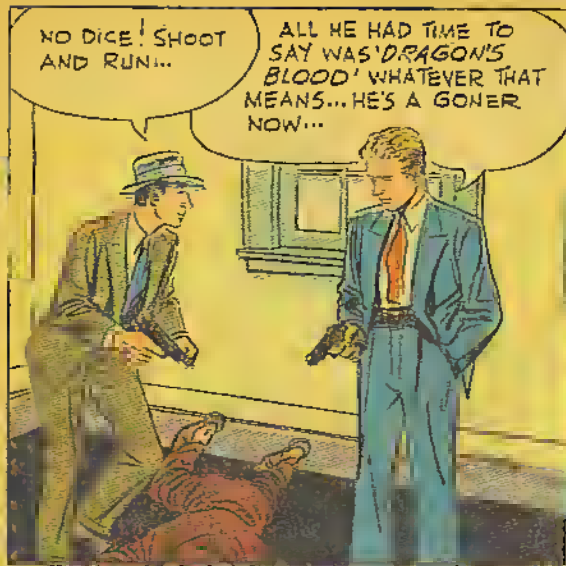
THANKS, CLANCY... UNCLE SAM WILL TAKE OVER, NOW!



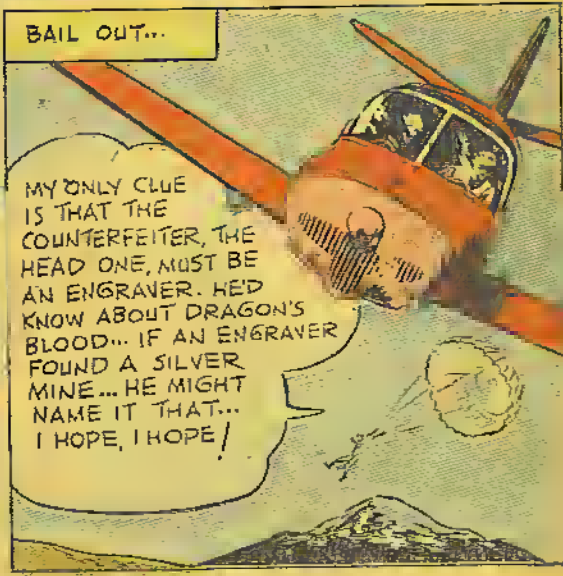














WISH I COULD HAVE  
COME DOWN AT NIGHT..  
ALL THE WAY DOWN I  
FELT LIKE A CLAY  
PIGEON IN A SHOOTING  
GALLERY...



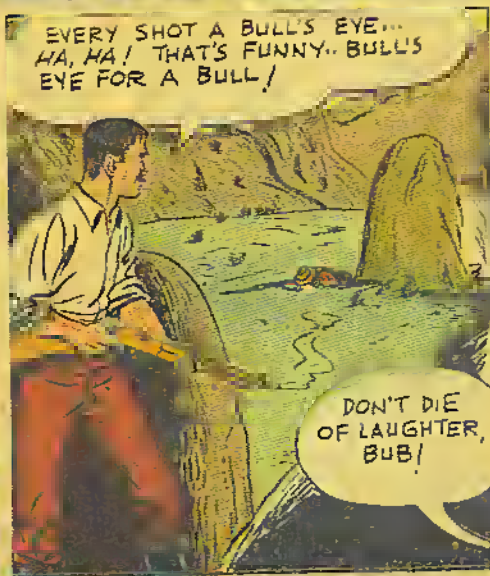
OH, FINE, JUST  
WHEN I THINK I'M  
IN THE CLEAR...



THE HOSPITALITY OF THE  
OLD OPEN WEST, I CALL IT.  
THIS IS A REAL TENDERFOOT GAG,  
MAYBE I CAN GET AWAY WITH IT...



EVERY SHOT A BULL'S EYE...  
HA, HA! THAT'S FUNNY.. BULL'S  
EYE FOR A BULL!

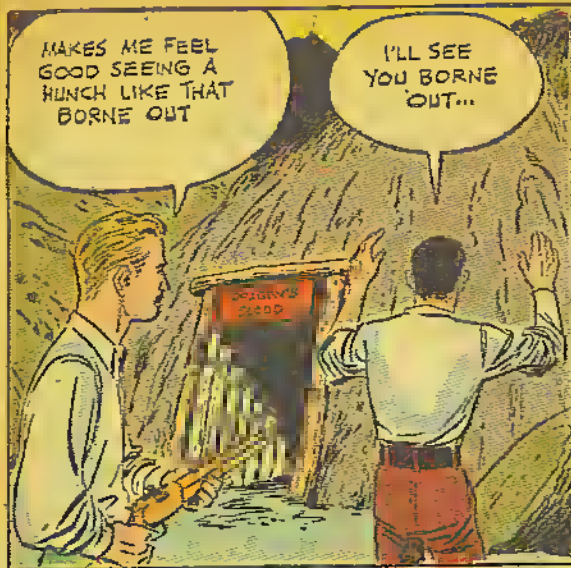


CLEAR SHOT...  
I'LL EMPTY THE  
GUN IN HIM,  
THE DIRTY,  
NOSEY RAT!









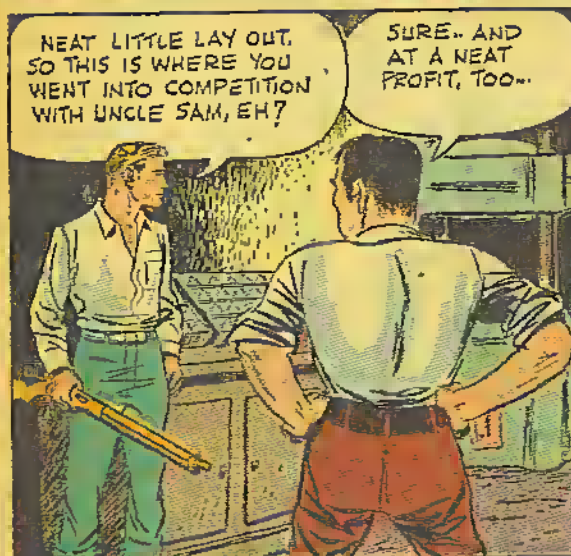
MAKES ME FEEL  
GOOD SEEING A  
HUNCH LIKE THAT  
BORNE OUT

I'LL SEE  
YOU BORNE  
OUT...



LET'S GO INTO THE  
OFFICE, SHALL WE  
MR. BARRELS?

LET'S CALL  
IT THE PARLOR,  
SHALL WE,  
FLY?



NEAT LITTLE LAY OUT,  
SO THIS IS WHERE YOU  
WENT INTO COMPETITION  
WITH UNCLE SAM, EH?

SURE.. AND  
AT A NEAT  
PROFIT, TOO...



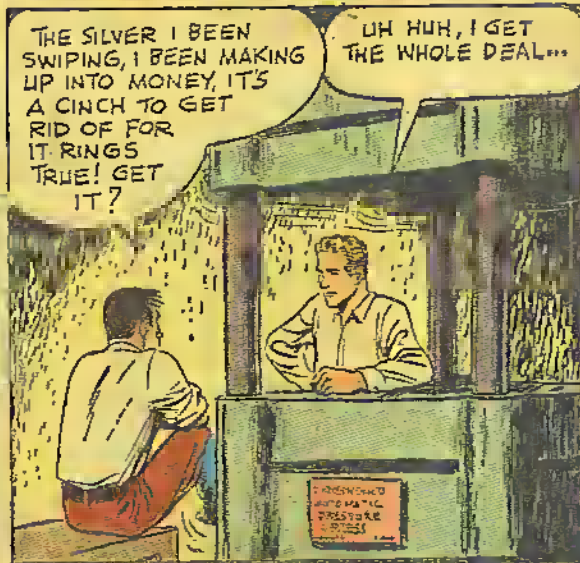
WHAT'S  
THE DEAL?

YOU'LL NEVER TELL ANY-  
ONE SO I DON'T MIND  
TELLING YOU. THERE'S NO  
SILVER LEFT IN MY MINE  
HERE... BUT THERE IS IN  
THE NEXT MINE WHICH I  
DON'T OWN...



WAIT... LET'S SEE... YOU BORED A  
SHAFT INTO IT... AND COULDN'T SELL  
THE SILVER, IN THAT AMOUNT, AS  
COMING FROM HERE, BECAUSE  
EVERYONE WOULD KNOW  
YOUR MINE WAS TOO  
DRY...

RIGHT!



THE SILVER I BEEN  
SWIPING, I BEEN MAKING  
UP INTO MONEY, IT'S  
A CINCINCH TO GET  
RID OF FOR  
IT RINGS  
TRUE! GET  
IT?

UH HUH, I GET  
THE WHOLE DEAL...



LIGHTNING FAST REFLEXES TURN THE TABLES...

GOOD TRY, OLD MAN!  
NEXT TIME TRY AND  
MAKE IT FASTER...

OUCH...  
YOU DIRTY...

BAM!

THAT'S RIGHT, CHICK  
CARTER, GET A PLANE  
AND A FEDERAL MAN  
OUT HERE. I GOT THE  
COUNTERFEITER  
THAT ISN'T...

YOU GOT  
ME / LEMME  
OUT...

DON'T SEE WHY YOU'RE  
YELLING... THAT'S WHAT  
YOU WANTED TO DO  
TO ME...

YOU WIN, I'M  
LICKED. I FINALLY  
MET A TOUGHER  
GUY THAN ME

AN HOUR AND A HALF LATER...

NICE WORK, CHICK CARTER...  
ALL NEATLY TIED UP IN A  
PACKAGE FOR US, EH?

COMPLETE...  
HE'S EVEN WEARING  
SOME OF THE EVIDENCE!  
SHOW HIM YOUR ARM,  
BARRELS...

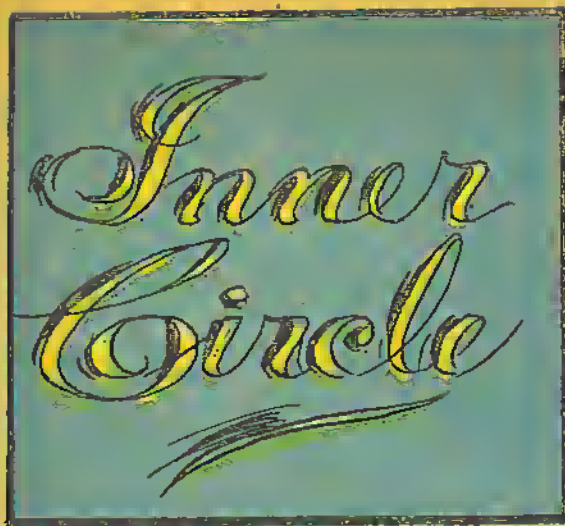
THAT'S GOING TO  
HELP IN COURT!

NO THANKS TO  
YOU... IT WAS ALL  
CARTER'S WORK,  
BLAST HIM!

BACK IN TOWN, NEWS OF THE CAPTURE  
HAS BROUGHT OUT SOME FANS...

CHEE... WHAT A GUY... LUCKY WE CAN  
FOLLOW HIS ADVENTURES EVERY  
WEEK IN THE MOVIES!

YEAH, AND DON'T FORGET  
HE'S IN *SHADOW COMICS* EVERY  
MONTH! I CAN'T GET ENOUGH  
OF THAT GUY!



### THE ONE ARMED BANDIT!

Nick bowed to the members of the Inner Circle and said with a smile, "This month's meeting is all Chick's. All I did was get him involved in the case. He took over from then on. Of course, he had a little help . . . but not from me. He was helped by the very goddess that his enemies were engaged in trying to defeat, Chick, take over."

"The case," said Chick, "was an interesting one but not very difficult, at least on the surface. All of you, I guess have at one time or another seen a so called one armed bandit, a slot machine. You drop a nickel into the machine, pull a lever and hope you'll win something. Nine times out of ten, you don't get anything. The machine is rigged so that the odds make it impossible for you to really win. Even the occasional jackpot is just there to keep the suckers coming."

"The reason I was asked by Nick to see about the case was that the racketeers who owned the machines, were putting them into stores near schools. They were going after kids' money."

"That seemed to call for a little bit of attention. I went meandering around looking at the slot machines, dropping nickels in every once in a while. As far as I could tell the machines were gaffed so as to keep even more money than the usual ones."



### TRICKY TOMMY

"From some rumors, I heard, I figured that the top man in the ring was a gentleman named Tricky Tommy, and THAT he was. The longer I spent on the case, the trickier I realized he was. There was just no way that I could put my finger on his connection with the ring. Oh, it was common knowledge that he was behind it. But, try and get real proof that would stand up in court."

"The more I thought, the longer I hunted around, the less likely did it seem that I would be able to get anything on Tommy. Nick it was who said that if there was anything the bad boys were afraid of it was the income tax people. That no matter how Tricky Tommy hid his connections with the ring, there must be some proof in the books he kept of his profits that would give me something to work on."

"It took me quite a while to even find out where Tommy might keep his records. I deduced after a lot of guessing that he might use the restaurant that he ran as a cover up for his real activities. I spent a lot of time there. I even," Chick laughed, "got a job as a pearl diver."

"As a what?" asked Beef.

"A pearl diver is what they call a dish washer. It was just like K.P. in the army so it didn't bother me much. I put in a week there. At the end of that time, I was sure that in a small room up on top of the restaurant was the only place he could conceivably keep the records."



## CHICK CARTER—SAFE CRACKER!

Chick stopped and they could see that he was picturing in his mind what had happened that night. He went on, "The flight of stairs was I suppose, only as long as a regular flight, but they seemed to go up and up forever. Any second I knew someone in the restaurant might spot me . . . and if they did . . .

"Well, at last I got to the top of the stairs. The door to the little room, the room that intrigued me as much as did the room that caused Bluebeard's wife to lose her life, was closed, tight. Locked up. I looked around.



A window lead out onto a marquee that spelled out the name of the place in neon letters. I let myself out onto the marquee.

"Once there, I could see into the little room by the flickering red light of the neon sign. It looked as if my hunch were a good one. At the far end of the room I could see a big safe. It certainly could hold even as many books as the gambling business of Tricky Tommy would need.

"I looked around after seeing that the window was tightly locked. There didn't seem to be anyone in the world around. I picked up my foot and hoping that the crash would not be heard, kicked my way into the room. Once there I stood perfectly still waiting to see if the noise had attracted anyone.

"There seemingly was not a soul who had heard or cared, if they had heard the sound.

I made my way across the floor to the safe. It was a good, too good, modern safe. This was the one thing I hadn't taken into account. How was I to get inside the safe?

"Believe me, I went through all the safe cracking methods that I had ever heard from Nick. There was the business of sandpapering your finger tips, so as to feel the tumblers dropping.

"Then I thought of using a stethoscope to hear the tumblers drop . . . or the use of an explosive . . . or thermite, which is a powder. You put it on top of your safe, wet it and step back fast. It generates heat so powerful that it eats right straight through even tool steel! Having none of these things, and not



having the skill to open the safe with my hands, I just stood there stupidly trying to think of what to do. I was positive that inside the steel box was all the evidence I needed to trump even Tricky Tommy's best tricks.

"Then while I still stood in front of the safe in a brown study, the door clicked, the lock snapped open and in walked Tricky Tommy. He was saying over his shoulder, 'I forgot to . . .'

"He stopped in mid-word. His hand went to his chest. I could see the bulge over his heart. Even his tailor couldn't hide the bulge the gun made. His fingers were streaking

towards the gun.

"I knew that he wasn't the type to stand and talk things over. When the gun came out it would come out blazing. There wasn't a chance that I could make it to the window and if I did, where could I go? He'd be able to shoot me down like a clay pigeon.

"All this was going through my mind while his fingers were grasping the gun. The safe was at my side, I couldn't even get behind it. My hand near the handle of the safe, clenched around it. His words . . . could they . . . I yanked . . . the door opened!

"As he fired, I leaped behind the steel door of the safe which had come open at my pull.



All my thinking and it had been open all the time!"

Chick stopped to have a drink of water.

"Shield of Steel."

"As his first bullet pinged off the door, I thought. What a break . . . he was going to say that he had forgotten to lock the safe. That was what had brought him back.

"But how long would the door save me? He was walking across the floor now, trying to get around so that he could fire behind the door. As he walked I kept pace by pulling the door to. Soon there was nothing left to do but . . .

"He fired again. The bullet whammed off

the door and into the wall. At the same time I got into the safe and pulled the door to. If he locked the door, locked me up in with his records, he would be safe. He could just wait for me to die of asphyxiation. I grabbed a book from the inside of the safe and pushed it in between the door and the jam of the door. That way he'd have a little trouble.

"There was a sudden silence. I waited in that tiny space crowded with records and me, and thought of what a neat coffin it would make for me. I couldn't understand why he didn't even try to close the door. It was such an obvious step.

"Even with the door slightly ajar, my imagination running riot, I imagined I was beginning to suffocate. The silence continued. I couldn't stand the wait. I pushed the door open a trifle and looked out.

## RESCUE!!

"I almost couldn't believe my eyes when I looked out. Tricky Tommy was standing there with his hands in the air. His gun was still in one hand but he was opening his hand. The gun began to fall as I watched. Halfway into the room was one of the most heart warming sights I have ever beheld. A beat cop stood there with his revolver in his hand and the muzzle pointed at Tommy's stomach.

"Tommy's gun dropped to the floor with a crash. The cop said 'What goes on here anyway? Who you shooting at?'

"I pushed the door open and bowing said, 'He was taking a pot shot at me.'

"It wasn't till later, after the records had been impounded and Tricky Tommy was in a cell that I found out how my rescuer had come to be there. An old maid living across the street had heard me crash through the window and called the cops!"

Chick grinned and Nick said, "It would have served you right if she hadn't, that was one of the most harebrained stunts you ever pulled!"

Chick smiled but didn't say anything. If Nick knew what he was going to do that night . . . if all went well, he, Chick, would tell the members about it at the next meeting.



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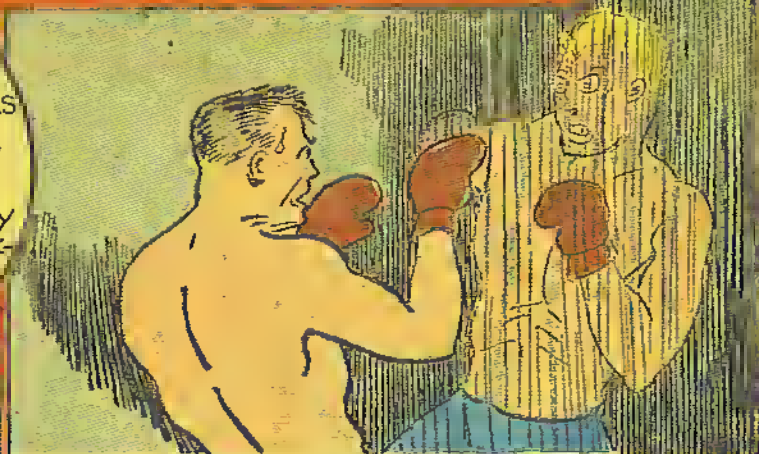
WHBY  
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KFIZ  
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WIBU  
WOMT  
WJMC  
WFHR



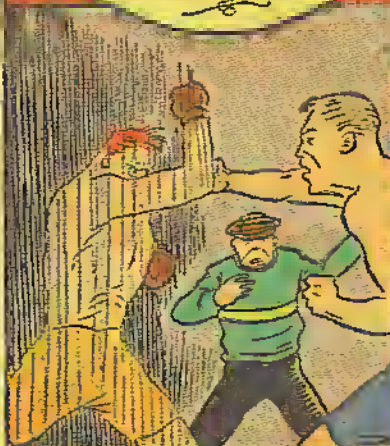
# THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

WITH THORNTON FISHER

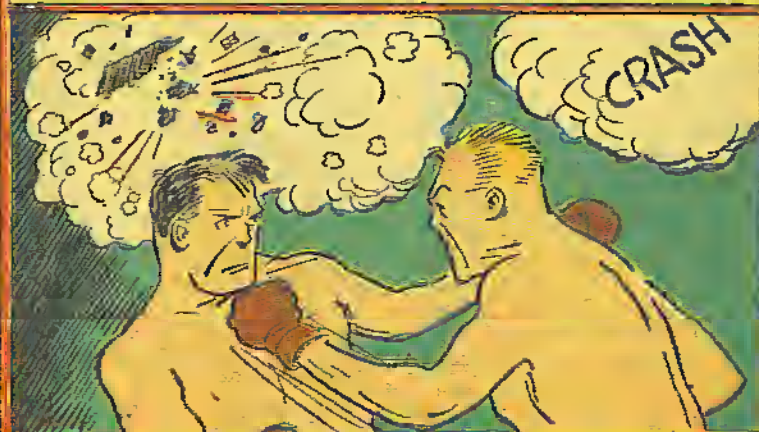
IN THE NEW YORK STAGE HIT "HARVEY" MY FRIEND FRANK FAY, IMAGINES HE HAS A STALWART PAL IN A RABBIT WHICH ONLY HE SEES—HARVEY, THE INVISIBLE RABBIT, IS VERY REAL HOWEVER, TO FRANK—THIS LEADS US TO SOME MIGHTY WEIRD THINGS IN SPORTS



A WELL-KNOWN FIGHTER (WHOSE NAME, IN ALL FAIRNESS, WE CANNOT MENTION) ONCE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED AN OPPONENT IN THE RING—IN LATER FIGHTS THIS FELLOW WAS FROZEN STIFF AS HE THOUGHT HE SAW THE APPARITION OF HIS VICTIM WHEN HE FOUGHT—HE BECAME SO OBSESSED THAT HE WAS FORCED TO RETIRE—



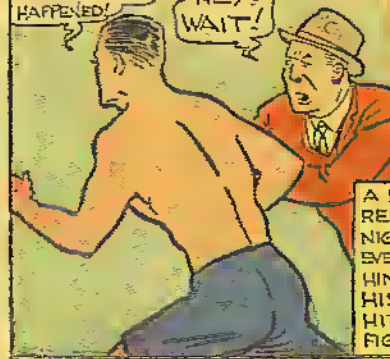
ANOTHER BOXER, WHILE IN HIS DRESSING ROOM WAITING THE CALL TO THE RING, SUDDENLY LEAPED UP AND STARTED TO PUNCH WILDLY—HIS HANDLERS WERE ASTONISHED WHEN HE TOLD THEM HIS OPPONENT FOR THE EVENING, HAD ENTERED HIS DRESSING ROOM AND HAD SWUNG AT HIM—IT WAS MORE STARTLING WHEN THE PROMOTER, CAME IN TO ANNOUNCE THE UNEXPECTED ILLNESS OF THE OPPONENT WHO DIED LATER THAT NIGHT—



BANDSMAN BLAKE, A BRITISH SOLDIER, FOUGHT HEROICALLY IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR—SENT BACK TO LONDON HE ENTERED THE RING TO FIGHT JACK O'KEEFE FOR THE ENGLISH MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLE—HE WAS WINNING HANDILY WHEN GERMAN "ZEPS" BOMBED THE CITY—EXPLOSIONS SOUNDED ABOVE THE NAT'L SPORTING CLUB—BLAKE'S HOME AT YARMOUTH, HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN DESTROYED BY SHELLS AND HIS MOTHER AND SISTER KILLED—THE BOMBING RECALLED THIS TRAGEDY AND HE LOST THE FIGHT—

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!

HEY—WAIT!



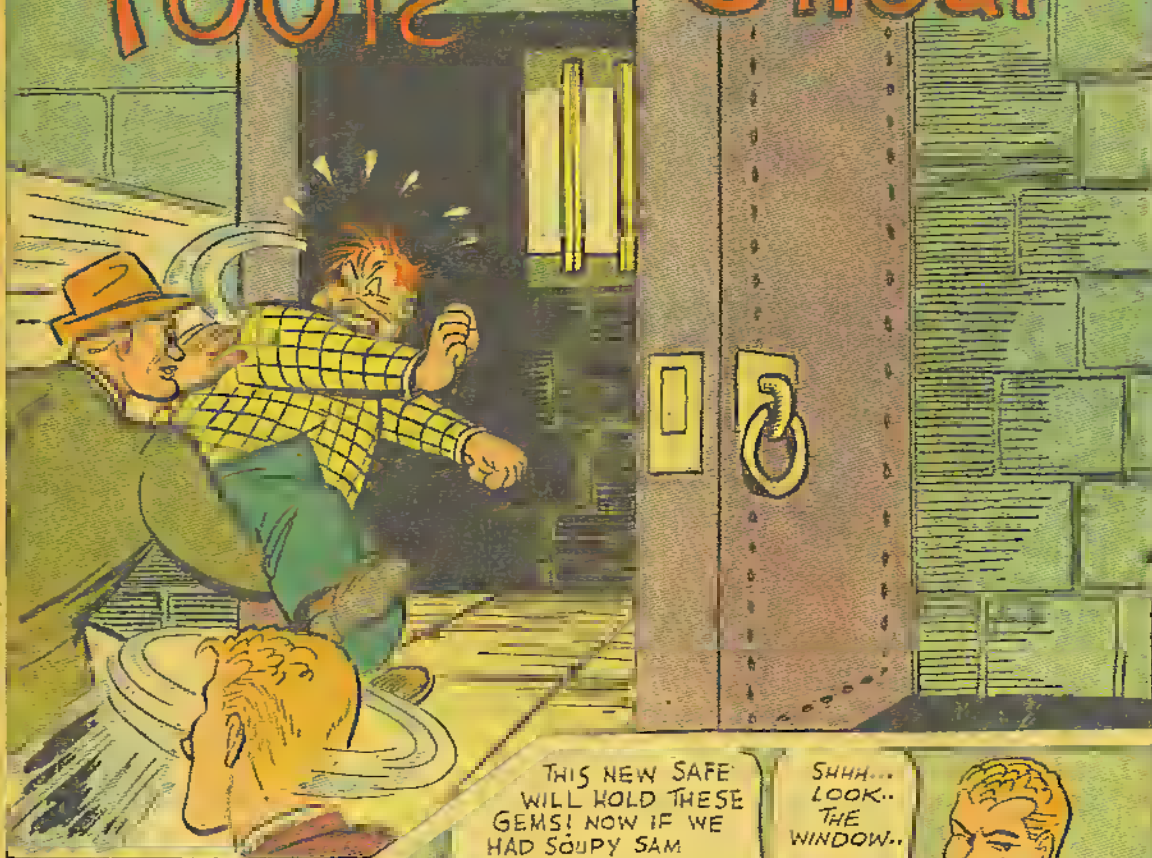
A FINE, COURAGEOUS BOXER REFUSED TO FIGHT ONE NIGHT AND DASHED HOME—EVEN HIS MANAGER ACCUSED HIM OF BEING YELLOW—HIS BROTHER HAD BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK BUT THE FIGHTER HADN'T BEEN TOLD—



A DEAD MANAGER ONCE "APPEARED" IN THE RING—THE FIGHTER HE ONE TIME MANAGED "SAW" HIM AND PROMPTLY FAINTED—THE BOUT WAS CALLED OFF—



# Flatty vs Gus the Ghoul



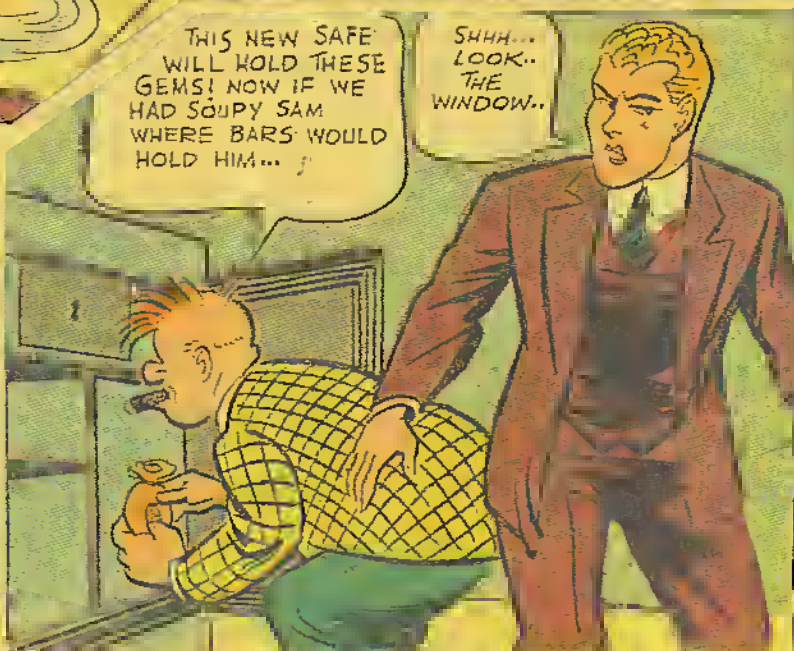
THIS NEW SAFE  
WILL HOLD THESE  
GEMS! NOW IF WE  
HAD SOUPY SAM  
WHERE BARS WOULD  
HOLD HIM...

SHHH...  
LOOK...  
THE  
WINDOW...

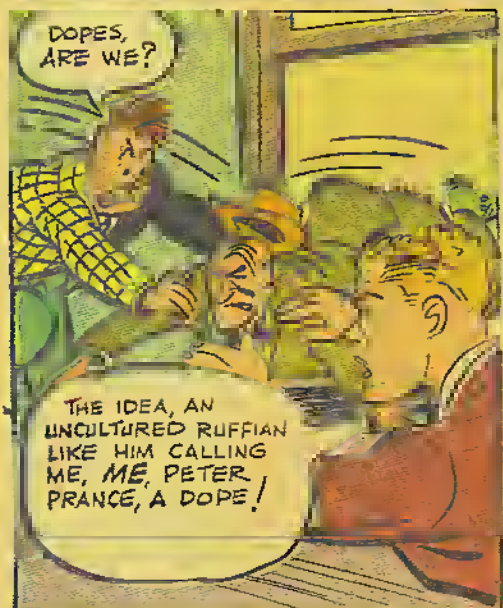
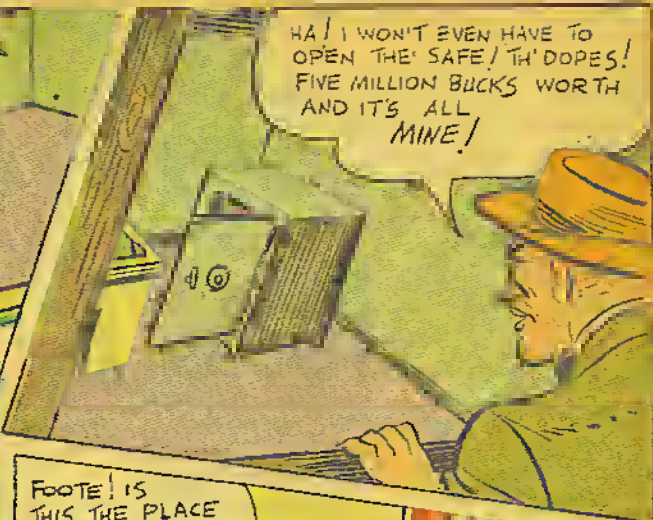
THAT SINISTER FIGURE,  
SOUPY SAM, IS STILL  
AFTER THE CROWN  
JEWELS... BUT IT IS  
A LONG PATH THAT  
HAS NO TURNING....

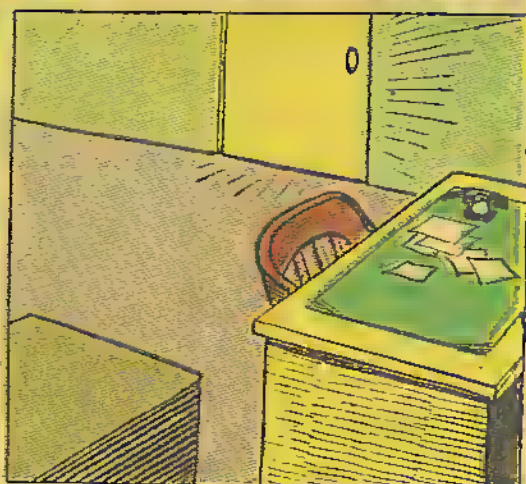
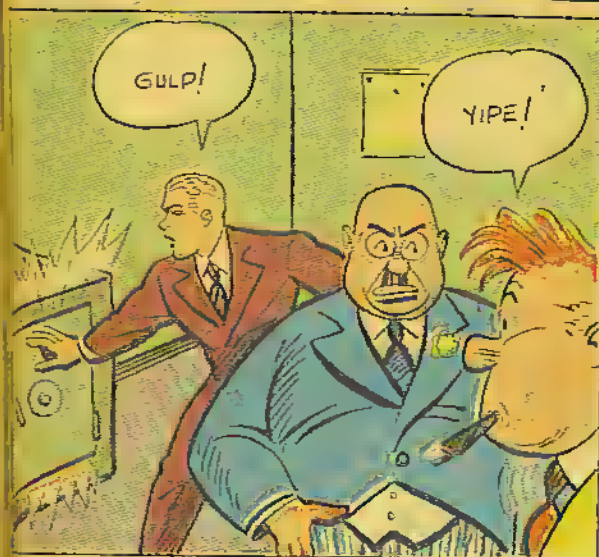
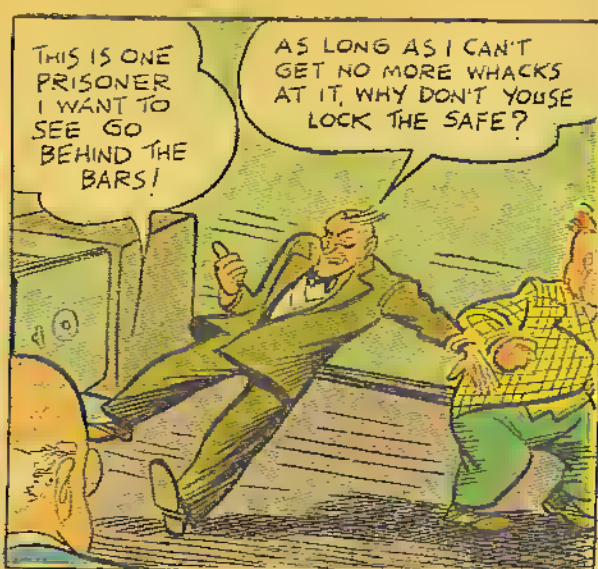
THAT'S WHAT FLATTY  
THOUGHT WHEN HE  
PUT SAM AWAY...

LITTLE DID HE  
KNOW WHAT GUS  
THE GHOUL WOULD  
HAVE TO SAY...





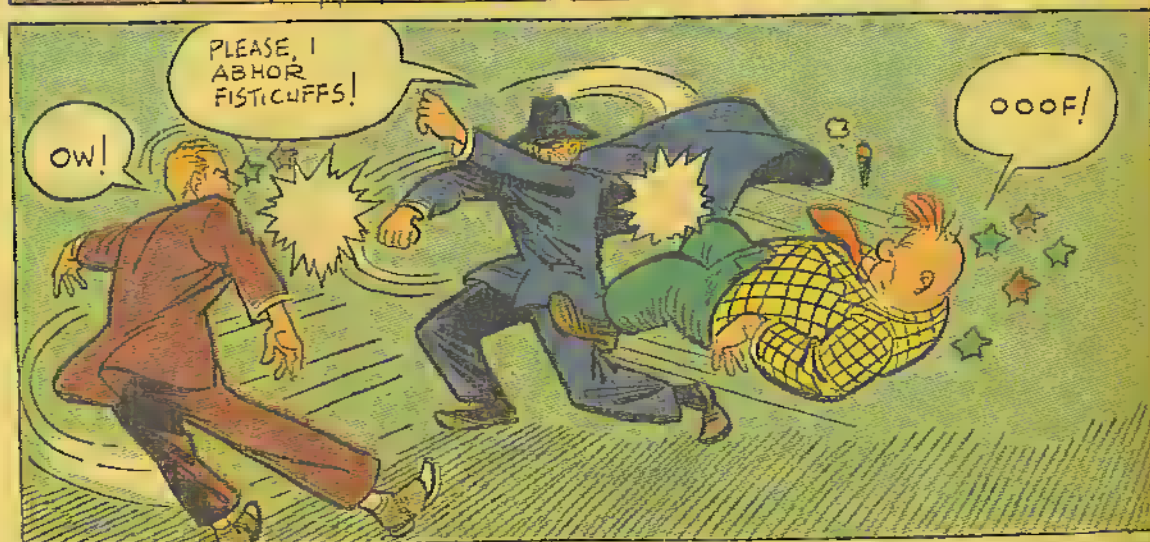
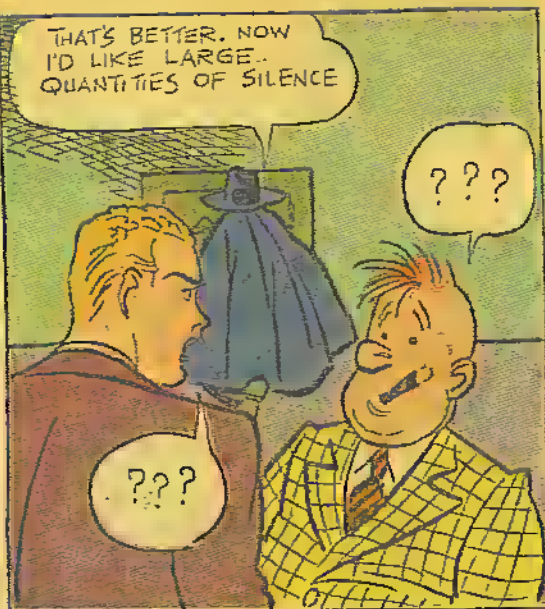


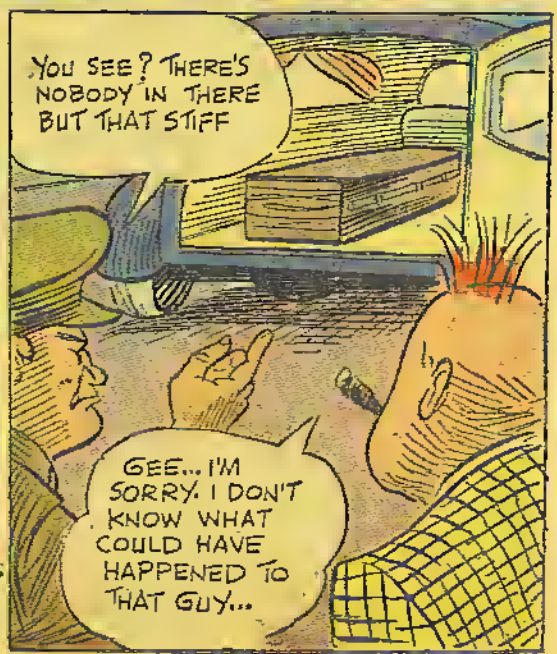
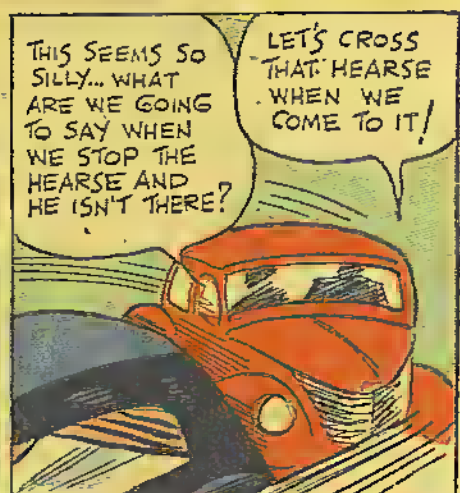
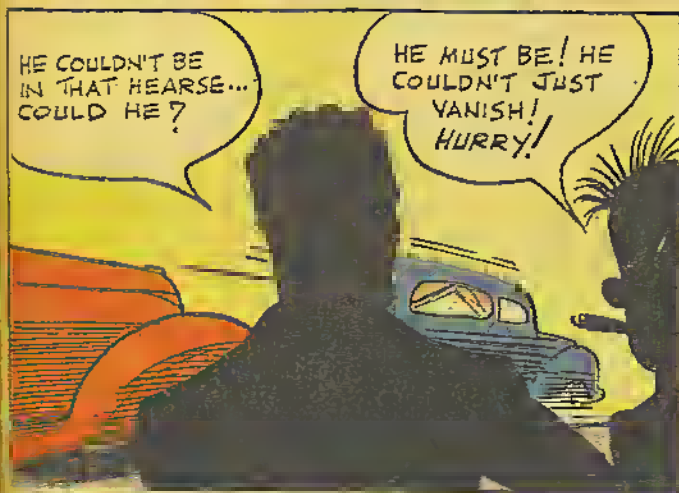
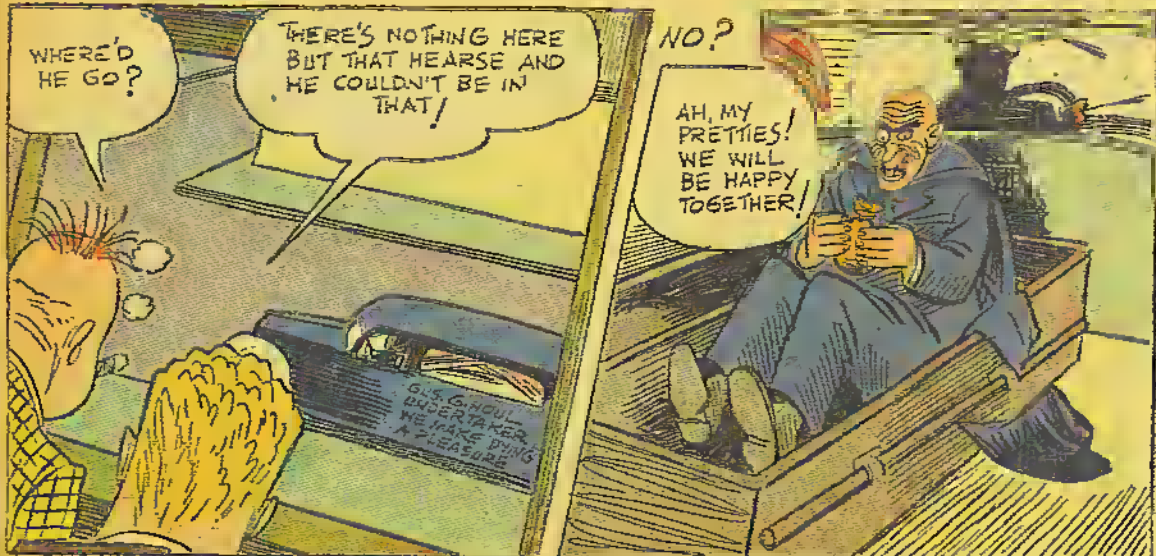


IN THE SAFE IS FIVE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF GEMS! A MAGNET FOR CROOKS!

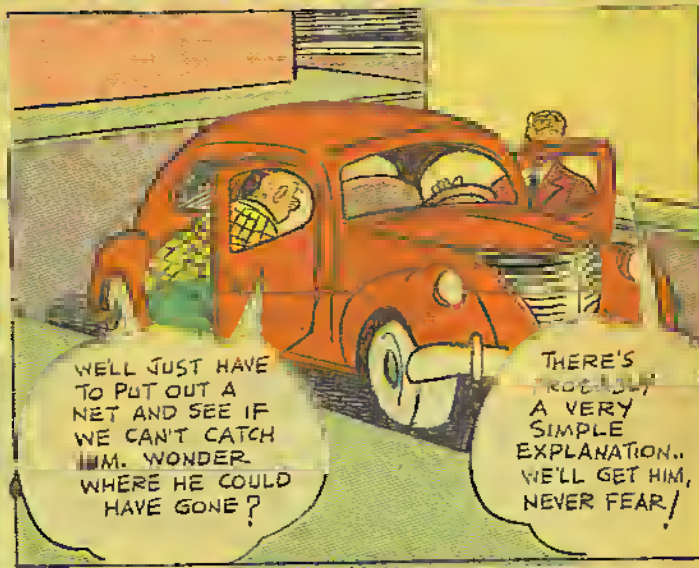
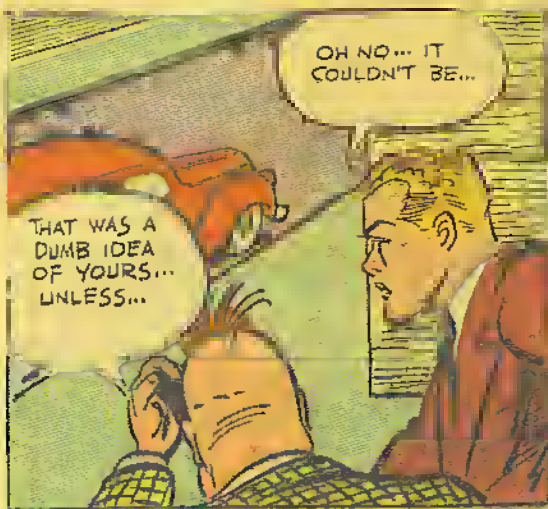




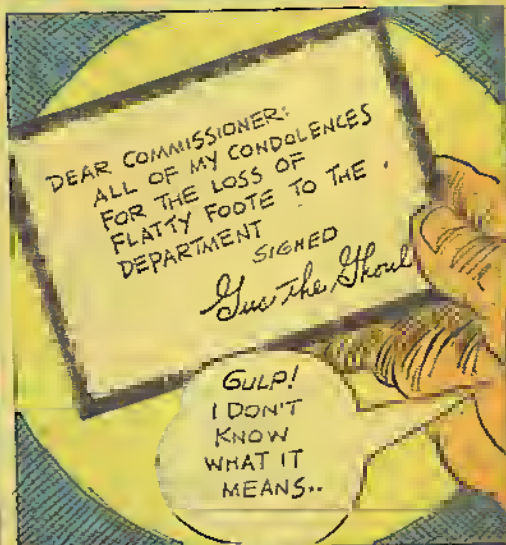
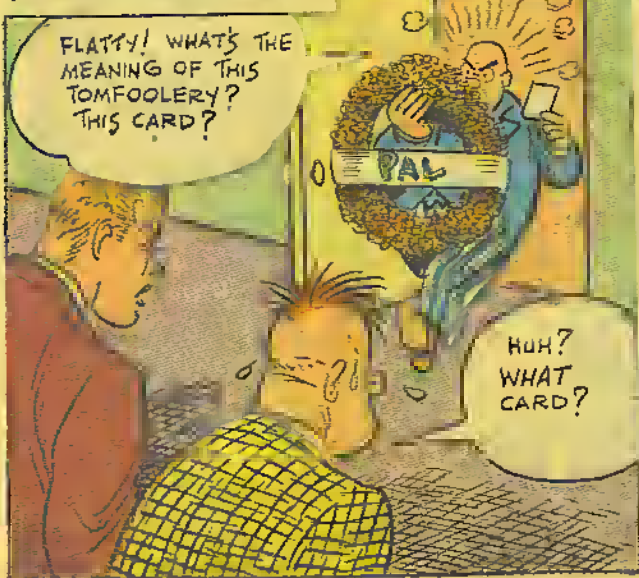








BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...



BUT FLATTY WILL FIND OUT NEXT MONTH... NEVER FEAR...

# The Shadow

follows the Talon

along **THE TRAIL OF GOLD**



**FINAL CITY EDITION**

**TRION**

abdefgh THREE CENTS

**OLD COLONIAL TREASURE FOUND**

MILLION IN GOLD COINS TO BE SHIPPED FROM MANSION

HEAVY GUARD PROVIDED

U.P.



SO THAT'S THE  
OLD MANSION  
WHERE THEY  
FOUND THE GOLD!  
WHAT DO WE DO  
NOW, LAMONT...  
DRIVE UP  
THERE?

I'M  
DRIVING  
UP  
THERE;  
MARGO...

BUT WHY DON'T  
YOU STOP OFF  
HERE AND  
GO FOR A  
SWIM?

THAT'S A GRAND  
IDEA, PARTICULARLY  
AS I BROUGHT MY  
BATHING THINGS  
ALONG!

BUT WHILE YOU'RE SWIMMING,  
MARGO, WATCH FOR ANY SUSPICIOUS  
BOATS ALONG THE RIVER.  
I HAVE AN IDEA THAT OUR  
OLD ENEMIES, THE TALON  
AND THE HAG, MAY BE  
AFTER THE GOLD!!!

I GET  
IT!

THERE'S  
THE ARMORED  
TRUCK WAITING  
FOR THE GOLD!  
BUT JUST IN  
CASE OF  
TROUBLE...

I'LL STOP HERE LONG  
ENOUGH TO BECOME  
MY OTHER SELF...  
**THE SHADOW!**

MEANWHILE .....

GANGWAY!  
HERE COMES  
THE GOLD!

OK, I'LL  
TELL THE  
CROWD  
TO MOVE  
BACK!

GET BACK,  
EVERYBODY!

WON'T YOU  
PLEASE BUY  
MY FLOWERS,  
MISTER?

SORRY, OLD  
LADY. YOU'LL  
HAVE TO  
MOVE BACK.  
IT'S ORDERS!

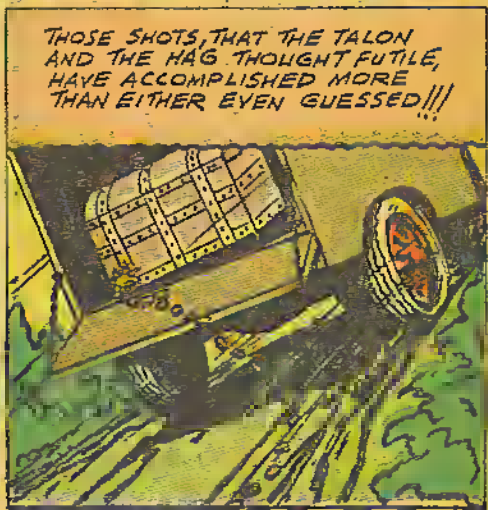
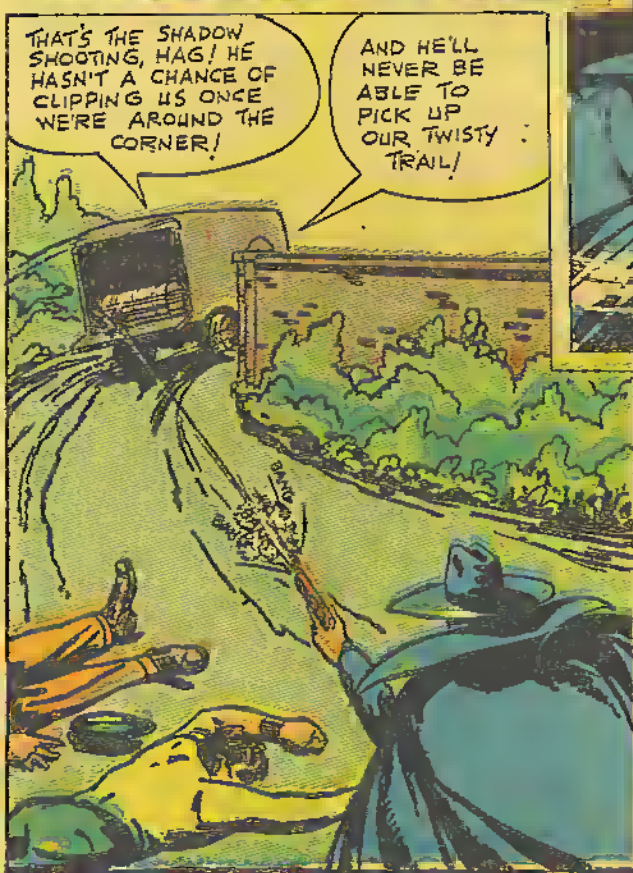
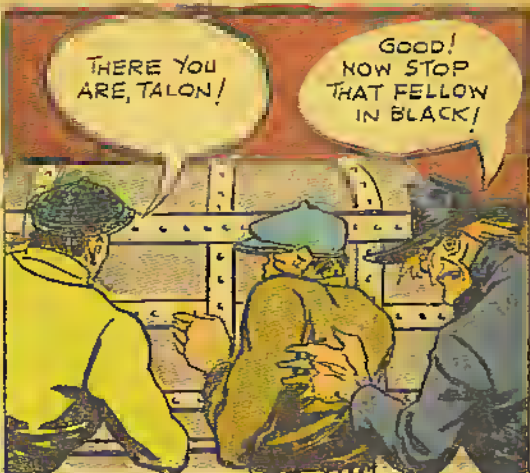
I'M UNDER  
ORDERS,  
TOO!

HEY... WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
HERE?

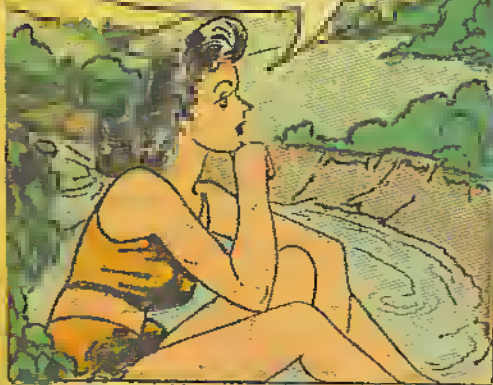
THE HAG! GASSING  
THE GUARDS! THE  
TALON IS BEHIND  
THIS!

HEH...  
HEH!!





I'VE BEEN SWIMMING  
NEARLY AN HOUR, AND  
NOTHING HAS HAPPENED!  
I WONDER WHAT'S  
KEEPING LAMONT?



A TRUCK!  
I WONDER  
WHY IT'S  
COMING  
HERE! I'D  
BETTER GET  
OUT OF  
SIGHT!

EASY WITH  
THAT OAR,  
JOEY! WE DON'T  
WANT THIS  
SNOOPY DAME  
TO KNOW  
WE'RE HERE!



THE  
TALON AND  
THE HAG!  
I'D BETTER  
TAKE TO  
THE WATER!

...AND  
QUICK!



WE'D  
BETTER  
GRAB  
HER...

HERE'S A  
SNOOPER.  
WE JUST  
GRABBED,  
CHIEF!

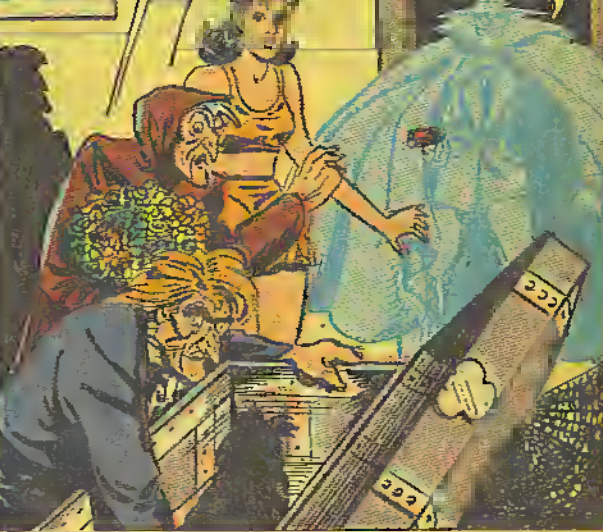
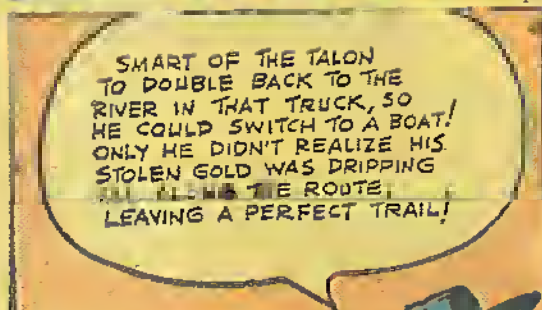
I'LL TAKE  
CHARGE OF HER!  
BRING THAT  
COFFER INTO THE  
BOAT-HOUSE, SO  
WE CAN DIVIDE  
THE GOLD!

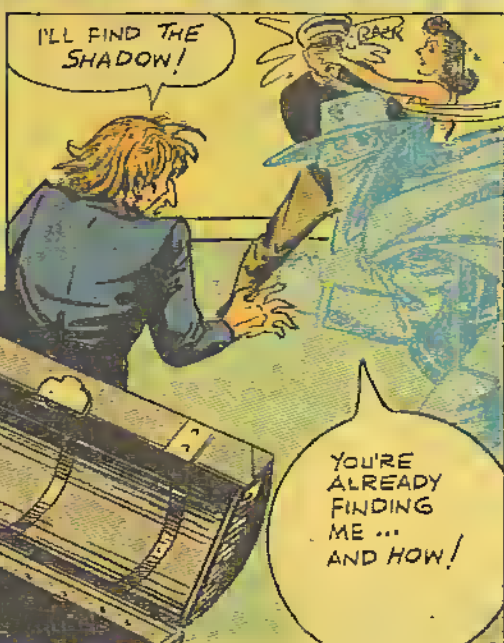


OHH!







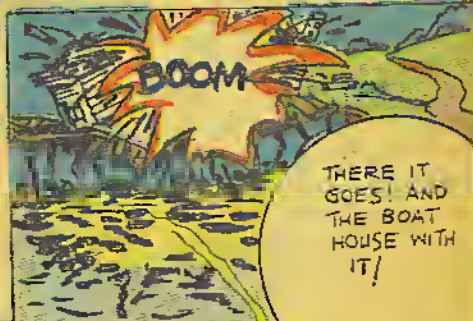




YOU'LL SEE WHY IN A MINUTE!  
HOP INTO THAT BOAT! I DON'T  
NEED INVISIBILITY ANY LONGER.  
WHAT WE BOTH NEED IS  
SPEED...



BECAUSE THAT QUICK  
ACTING GAS FROM  
THE HAG'S BOUQUET  
WILL BLOW WHEN IT  
FILLS THAT EMPTY  
CHEST!



THERE IT  
GOES! AND  
THE BOAT  
HOUSE WITH  
IT!

THERE THEY  
GO IN THE  
TRUCK! THEY  
MUST HAVE  
DUCKED OUT  
JUST BEFORE  
THE BLAST!

BUT THEY AREN'T  
TAKING THE ROAD  
WHERE THEY  
LEFT THE GOLDEN  
TRAIL! WE'LL GO  
BACK ALONG IT  
AND RECLAIM  
THE TREASURE,  
COIN BY COIN!



AT LAST!  
**SUPERSNIPE**  
in response to the  
TREMENDOUS  
DEMAND

becomes a  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
beginning with the next issue

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